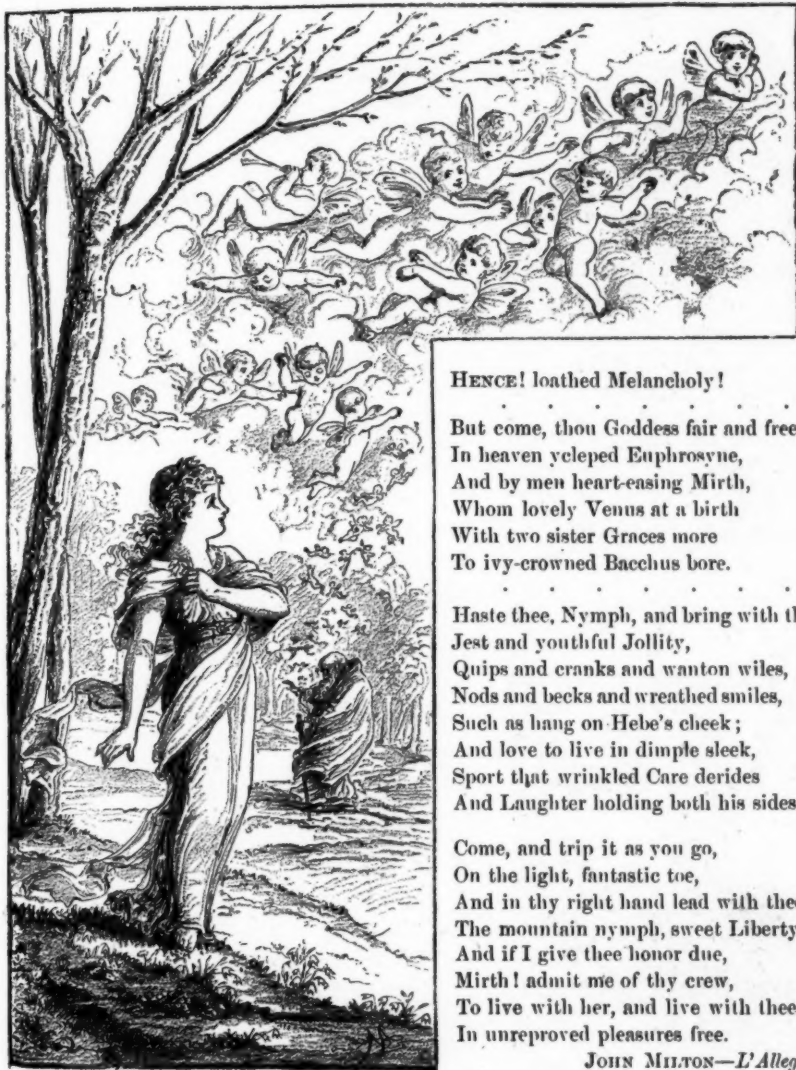


NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1879.

SPRING WITH THE POETS.



HENCE! loathed Melancholy!

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek;
And love to live in dimple sleek,
Sport that wrinkled Care derides
And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light, fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth! admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free.

JOHN MILTON—*L'Allegro.*



THE ADVENT OF SPRING.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
 Now bourgeons every maze of quick;
 About the flowering squares and thick
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now ring the woodland loud and long,
 The distance takes a lovelier hue;
 And drowned in yonder living blue
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,
 And milkier every milky sail
 On winding stream or distant sea.

Where now the sea-mew pipes and dives,
 In yonder gleaming green, and fly
 The happy birds that change their sky,
 To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land: and in my breast
 Spring wakens too; and my regret
 Becomes an April violet,
 And buds and blossoms like the rest.

TENNYSON.

MAY.

THE spirit of the gentle south wind calls
 From his blue throne of air,
 And where his whispering voice in music falls,
 Beauty is budding there,
 The bright ones of the valley break
 Their slumbers and awake.

The waving verdure waves along the plain
 And the wide forest weaves,
 To welcome back its playful mates again,
 A canopy of leaves;
 And from its darkening shadow floats
 A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
 The tresses of the woods
 With the light dallying of the west wind play
 And the full brimming floods,
 As gladly to their goal they run,
 Hail the returning sun.

PERCIVAL.



SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed hours,
 Fair Venus' train appear,
 Disclose the long expected flowers
 And wake the purple year!
 The Attic warbler pours her throat
 Responsive to the Cuckoo's note,
 The untaught harmony of Spring;
 While, whispering pleasures as they fly,
 Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
 Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader, browner shade,
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'ercanopies the glade,
 Beside some water's gushing brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclined in rustic state)
 How vain the ardor of the crowd,
 How low, how little are the proud,
 How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of care,
 The panting herds repose;
 Yet hark! how through the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows!
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honeyed Spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon;
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some show their gayly gilded trim,
 Quick glancing to the sun.

To contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of man;
 As they that creep, and they that fly
 Shall end where they began,
 Alike the busy and the gay
 But flutter through life's little day,
 In Fortune's varying colors drest;
 Brushed by the hand of rough mischance
 Or chilled by age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

GRAY.



THE BREATH OF SPRING.

THE Spring is here! the Spring is here!
The bluebird's notes are in my ear,
The hills stand wrapped in golden dreams,
The budding willows kiss the streams.

Whence came the Spring, so early sought,
So lately found? Who, listening, caught
Her first faint foot-fall in the land?
Who felt the first touch of her hand?

I know where first the young Spring stood,—
'T was at the border of a wood,
Where sunward sloping fields beneath
First felt the warm touch of her breath.

Old Winter saw her there, and crept
With faltering feet away, and wept;
The icy scepter in his hand
Was yielding to the willow wand.

He heard amid-fields where he stood
A clear voice thrilling through the wood:
"Blow, breath of Spring! sweet south wind, blow!
Spring cometh with the melting snow."

Then turned the dying king and cast
His life into one breath—the last.
But throngs of bright-winged zephyrs rolled
Its frost away in mists of gold.

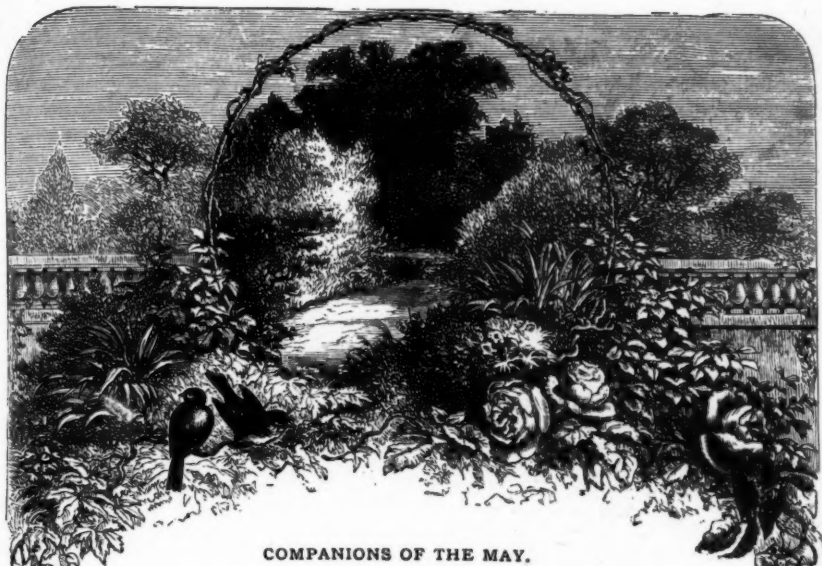
His dim eyes sees the flash of wings,
In his dull ear the bluebird sings;
All nature feels a quickening breath,
And Life is singing over Death.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

SPRING IN THE COUNTRY.

YE limpid springs and floods,
Ye downy meads, ye vales and mazy woods!
Ye crystal floods, that ever murmuring flow;
Ye verdant meads, where flowers eternal blow;
Ye shady vales, where zephyrs ever play;
Ye woods, where little warblers tune their lay,—
Here grant me, Heaven, to end my peaceful days.

BROOME.



COMPANIONS OF THE MAY.

BEHOLD the young, the rosy Spring
 Gives to the breeze her scented wing;
 While virgin Graces warm with May,
 Fling roses o'er her dewy way.
 The murmuring billows of the deep
 Have languished into silent sleep;
 And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
 Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
 The cranes from hoary Winter fly,
 To flutter in a kinder sky.
 Now the genial star of day
 Dissolves the murky clouds away,
 And cultured field and winding stream
 Are freshly glittering in his beam.
 Now the earth prolific swells
 With leafy buds and flowery bells;
 Gemming shoots the olive twine,
 Clusters bright festoon the vine.
 All along the branches creeping,
 Through the velvet foliage peeping,
 Little infant fruits we see
 Nursing into luxury.

ANACREON, *tr.* by THOMAS MOORE.

FOR thee, sweet May, the groves green liveries wear,
 If not the first, the fairest of the year;
 For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
 And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.

DRYDEN.

MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, beauteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing;
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

THE LIVERY OF SPRING.

THE time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill,
And dons a rich embroidery
Of sunlight poured on lake and hill.

No beast or bird in earth or sky,
Whose voice does not with gladness thrill;
For time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill.

River and fountain, brook and rill,
Bespangled o'er with livery gay
Of silver droplets, wind their way;
All in their new apparel vie,
For time hath laid his mantle by,

CHARLES OF ORLEANS,

Written while a prisoner in England

See where the winding vale its lavish stores
Irriguous spreads; see how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant, or the humid bank
In fair profusion decks. Long let us walk
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossomed beans: Arabia can not boast
A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence
Breathes through the sense and takes the ravished soul.

THOMSON.



WAITING FOR THE MAY.

Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May,
 Waiting for the pleasant rambles
 Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,
 With the woodbines alternating,
 Scent the dewy way.
 Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May.

Ah, my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May,
 Longing to escape from study
 To the young face, fair and ruddy,
 And the thousand charms belonging
 To the Summer day.

Ah, my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May.

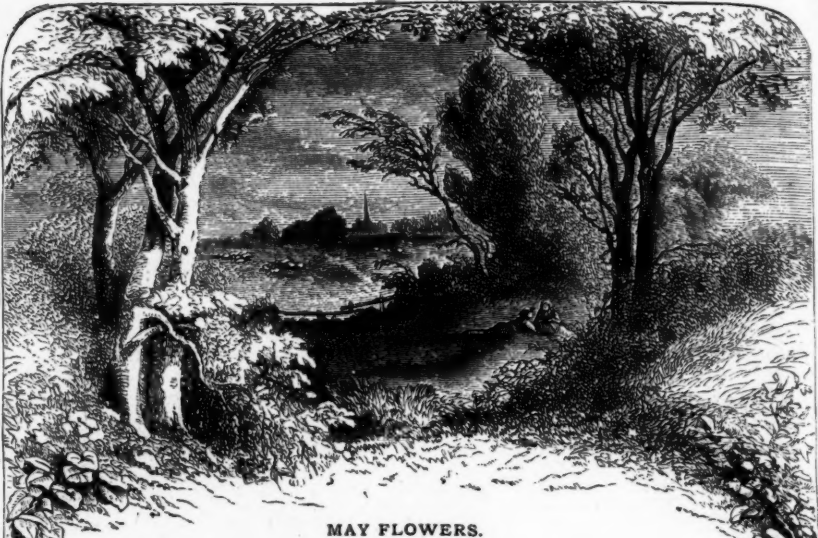
Ah, my heart is sore with sighing
 Sighing for the May,
 Sighing for the sure returning,
 When the Summer beams are burning

Hopes and flowers that dead and dying,
 All the Winter lay.
 Ah, my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May.

Ah, my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May,
 Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
 Or the water-wooing willows;
 Where in laughing and in sobbing
 Glide the streams away.
 Ah, my heart, my heart is throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
 Waiting for the May;
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
 Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings,
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
 Life still ebbs away;
 Man is ever weary, weary,
 Waiting for the May.

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.



MAY FLOWERS.

I DREAMED that as I wandered by the way,
 Bare Winter was changed suddenly to Spring,
 And gentle odors led my step astray,
 Mixed with the sound of water murmuring,
 Amid a shelvy bank of turf, which lay
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
 Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
 But kissed and fled, as thou might'st in a dream.

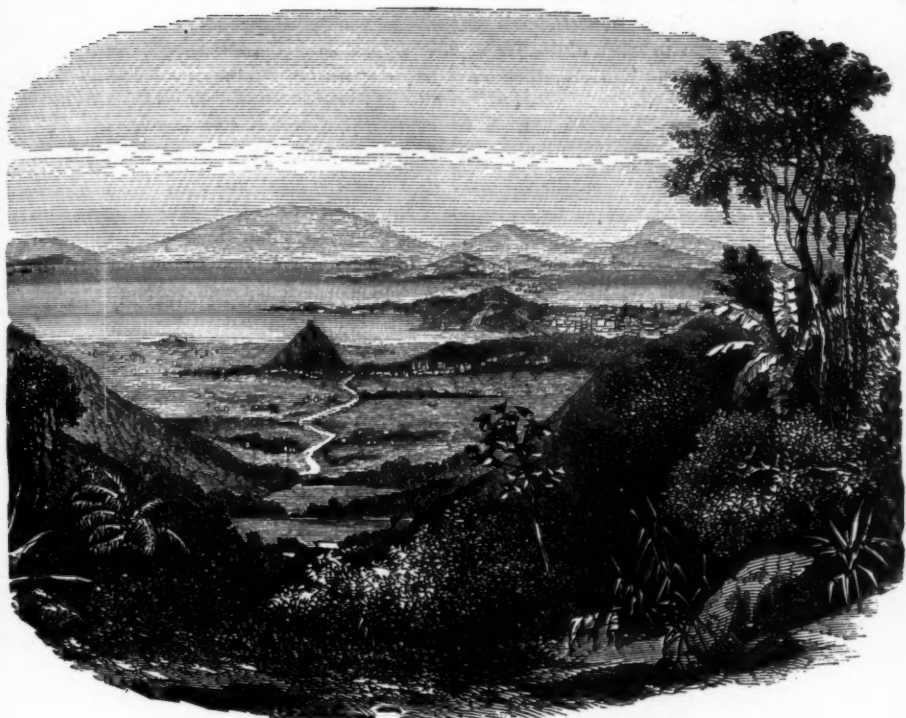
There grew the pied wind-flowers and violets,
 Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth,
 The constellated flower that never sets;
 Faint oxlip; tender bluebells, at whose birth
 The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
 Its mother's face with heaven's collected tears,
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew bush-eglantine,
 Green cowbind; and the moonlight-colored May;
 And cherry blossoms, and white cups whose wine
 Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day;
 And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
 With its dark buds and leaves wandering astray;
 And flowers azure, black and streaked with gold,
 Fairer than any wakening eyes behold.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
 I made a nosegay bound in such a way
 That the same hues, that in their natural bowers
 Were mingled or opposed, the long array
 Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours,
 Within my hand, and then elate and gay,
 I hastened to the spot, whence I had come,
 That I might there present it,—oh, to whom?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

BRAZIL.



VIEW OF RIO DE JANEIRO FROM TIJUCA.

IT is said that when Pedro Alvarez Cabral, an adventurous Portuguese navigator, returned to his native country in the year 1500, he had little to show for the expenses of his fleet, and the perils and hardships he and his companions had experienced. He had visited strange lands, he had planted the standard of his king upon hitherto unknown shores, he had erected the holy cross on barbarian soil. All these things he had done, but his royal master was not satisfied, for he brought no gold. In place of treasure he presented to his sire a curious wood of a bright and glowing color, obtained in the country which in his pious ardor, he had taken the liberty to call Santa Cruz. He explained its properties and exhibited some cloths dyed by its means.

"Braza!" (*a live coal*) said the king. "Thy

country shall be named Brazil, in honor of this beautiful wood."

The monarch, who thus dictated the name of a future empire, in comparison to which his own kingdom was but a petty farm, was not an unwise nor an illiberal ruler for his day and generation, but it was beyond the reach of the wildest imagination to estimate the possibilities of a new world. The effete little nationality of Portugal has been outstripped in the march of progress by its vigorous scion. While the former remains the smallest kingdom in the world, the dominion of the latter covers one fifteenth of the terrestrial surface of the globe; while the former occupies a diminutive corner of Europe, wedged in between two powerful neighbors, the latter extends over nearly one-half of a continent on which it has no rivals.

The territory of Brazil is comprised within an unbroken boundary line nine thousand miles in circumference, of which more than one-third borders the ocean, and is indented with magnificent harbors. It stretches from north of the Equator to south of the Tropic of Capricorn, and consequently embraces a large portion of two zones, which, however, is only a general index of its climate; for owing to numerous mountains and the elevated table-lands of the interior, the variety of temperature exceeds that of any other country.

The four principal mountain ranges are known as the Central or Espintaco, the Eastern or Maritime, the Western Vertentes

of three thousand miles, beginning in the heart of the empire and flowing north almost to the Equator. The Parnahiba, the San Francisco, and the Parahiba flow to the sea in easterly directions at nearly equal intervals along the coast, while at the extreme south the Parana, the Paraguay, and the Rio Grande drain the immense fertile fields of that section, but, unfortunately are interrupted by rapids and cataracts fatal to continuous navigation.

Throughout the vast extent of the empire which comprises four thousand more square miles than the United States, there is no portion which is not well watered, and but small fragments which have not direct and natural communication with the sea-board. There are no arid plains, no sandy deserts; in fact, in such localities as do not abound in mineral products useful to man, the generous soil yields prolific crops without the labor of cultivation.

With all its natural advantages, however, it can not be denied that Brazil in many respects ranks far below less favored countries. Owing to the sparsity of population immense tracts of the most fertile land are overrun with rank and dense vegetation almost impenetrable, and requiring an amount of labor to clear and render fit for cultivation, which practically deprives them of all value, save that of the indigenous growth, which, in truth, forms no mean portion of the nation's commerce. Chief among the national products are the various dye woods which give the tints to many articles of use and ornament which we possess, the beautiful rosewood, almost the entire supply of rubber, which, in these days, makes its appearance in every imaginable shape and form; many articles of food, such as sago, guava, coco, vanilla, manioc and cassava; medicinal plants, such as sarsaparilla, ipecacuanha, copaiba; and, in short, more of the materia medica than any other country in the world.

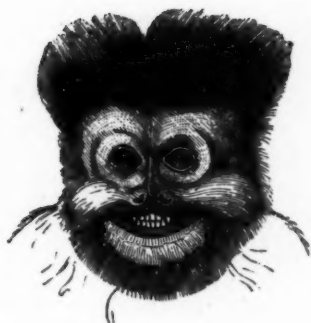
These virgin forests are peopled with strange and wild animals. Monkeys of all sizes from the huge howling stentor to the delicate marmoset, scarcely bigger than a squirrel, and as playful and easily tamed as a kitten; jaguars as large and fierce as the



THE VANILLA.

or Watershed range, and the Northern Ghauts, each of which throws out frequent spurs. In these innumerable rivers take their rise. The majestic Amazon, alone navigable for two thousand miles, has eighteen tributaries of the first class, several of which are themselves navigable for one thousand miles. The Tocantins, with its chief affluent, the Araguaia, have an aggregate course

Asiatic tiger; black ounces, pumas, ocelots and wild cats prowl in the jungles and on the outskirts of the plantations, causing great loss to the breeders of stock. The red wolf, the fox, long-nosed bears, opossums, and raccoons can be found



INHABITANTS OF THE FORESTS OF GOY.

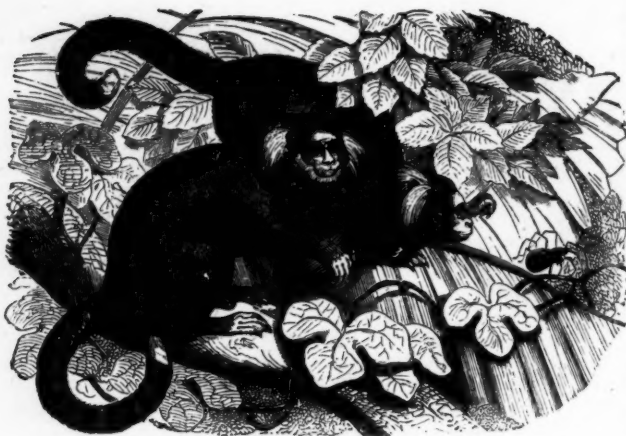
in all parts of the country except where driven out by civilization. Among the more curious and less known of the animal kingdom are the tapir, the armadillo, the sloth and the ant-eater. Several species of ants abound and are very destructive. They have natural enemies, as is implied in the name, in three kinds of ant-eaters. The largest of these, or the ant-bear, as she is called, for the male of the species has never been found, has been known to measure six feet in length without the tail, which, together with the long tuft of hair at its extremity, made a supplement of another yard. Think of an animal longer, though not larger, than a leopard, subsisting entirely on insects! It would seem to require a million at least for a single meal. It probably does. Fortunately she is not obliged to catch them one at a time. Her fore feet are armed with powerful claws, which she preserves in order by doubling up in walking or running, causing one side only to rest on the ground. The natural design of these claws is to tear down the hard walls of the ant hillocks. These are hollow cones from six to ten feet in height, the interior swarming with countless myriads of termites. Imagine the consternation of the inhabitants when they perceive their citadel invaded by what instinct teaches them is their inveterate foe. What frantic efforts they make to escape! In what wild confusion they block up the exits! All is in vain. A pair of gleaming eyes peer over a protruding snout, the small mouth opens for an instant, and a long, flexible, whip-like tongue

shoots in among the doomed creatures. It darts in and out of the struggling, terrified mass, like a streak of lightning, and every thing it touches adheres to it. It is nearly a yard in length and covered with a viscid saliva more adhesive than glue. At every exertion it attracts the seething ants as if they were so many grains of sugar, until the voracious appetite but peculiar taste of the creature is appeased.

There is a tradition among the aborigines



THE BALD-HEADED BRACHYURUS.



THE MARMOSET.

that the male ant-bear is the *curupira*, or demon of the forest, whose actions form the basis of the legends of those simple folk.

The vampire bat is another weird and uncanny animal which flourishes in all parts of the empire. The sanguinary characteristics of this winged rat are very fully described by Mr. Fletcher, one of the authors of "Brazil and the Brazilians." He says:

"The reports of early travelers and the figurative language of poets so long discredited are found to be much nearer the truth than the world has believed. Morning after morning have I seen beasts of burden, once strong, go staggering from loss of blood drawn during the night by these hideous monsters. In almost every instance they had taken the life current from between the shoulders, and when they had finished their murderous work the stream had for some time continued to flow. The exact manner in which this bat manages to make an incision has long been a matter of conjecture and dispute. The tongue, which is capable of considerable extension, is furnished at its extremity with a number of papillæ, which appear to be so arranged as to form an organ of suction, and their lips have also tubercles symmetrically arranged. These are the organs by which it is certain the bat draws the life-blood from man and beast, and some have contended that the rough tongue is the instrument employed for abrading the

skin, so as to enable it the more readily to draw its sustenance from the living animal. Others have supposed that the vampire used one of its long, sharp, canine teeth to make the incision, which is as small as that made by a fine needle."

Another traveler, who was twice bitten, once on the toe and the second time on the tip of the nose, testifies: "In neither case did I feel any thing,

but awoke after the operation was completed. The wound is a small round hole, the bleeding of which it is very difficult to stop. It can hardly be a bite, as that would awaken the sleeper; it seems most probable that it is either a succession of gentle scratches with the sharp edge of the teeth, gradually wearing away the skin or a triturating with the point of the tongue until the same effect is produced. My brother was frequently bitten by them, and his opinion was that the bat applied one of its long canine teeth to the part, and then flew round and round on that as a center till the tooth, acting as an awl, bored a small



HEAD OF THE VAMPIRE BAT, SIZE OF LIFE.

hole, the wings of the bat serving at the same time to fan the patient into a deeper slumber." Other naturalists contend that



THE VAMPIRE BAT.

the puncture is made with the sharp-hooked nail of its thumb.

The serpents of Brazil should not be omitted as another drawback to the settlement of the interior. Of these the principal are the boa constrictor and the anaconda. The former, although frightful in its dimensions, is inferior to the gigantic anaconda, which has been known to measure forty feet in length and to digest a horse at a meal. The manner in which this monstrous ophidian takes his prey is to lie in wait by the river side, where all sorts of quadrupeds are likely to come to quench their thirst. When some unfortunate creature approaches which meets his views as to size, he is not particular as to kind or quality, with almost incredible rapidity he coils around it and crushes it to death. The horrid process of sliming the victim over with saliva ensues, then deglutition, then torpidity for a month. The boa constrictor suspends from an over-hanging branch and drops upon his victim, enfolding it in his coils as the lash of a whip about a post.

The most cursory mention of the rare and beautiful birds which abound in the forests and frequent the innumerable rivers would infringe upon space which must be devoted to more important, though scarcely more interesting, features of the country.

In Brazil, as in all parts of the Western Hemisphere, with the exception perhaps of Mexico, where the Aztec blood

is mingled with that of the conquerors, the dominant class of the population consists entirely of the descendants of European invaders. The aborigines have no adaptability to civilization, and pine and waste away under the influences of education and cultivation, science and art. Even the imported African slaves and their progeny make more useful members of society. Of the latter class, that is of slaves as such, there are at present one million and a half in the country, although the number is steadily decreasing by virtue of the law of 1871, since when no more slaves have been born in Brazil. Of native Indians the number is estimated at two millions, one-half of which wander in the forests in a state of utter barbarism, with no conception of property, work, or fixity of dwelling. With the exception, however, of a few tribes they are peaceful, and make no opposition to the missionary efforts of the Capuchins and Franciscans, who are the only white men who have penetrated into the regions they frequent. That some of these tribes were originally cannibals there can be no doubt, and Mr. Wallace, well-known as a thorough explorer and a truthful writer, asserts that at the present day the Catuixis "are cannibals, killing and eating Indians of other tribes, and they preserve the flesh thus obtained smoked and dried." The probabilities are, however, that the Anthropophagi of Brazil



GREAT ANT-EATER.

bear about the same proportion to the rest of the population as the Digger Indians to the census of the United States. The Botacudos, another tribe, are but a degree above cannibals, as may be readily inferred from the accompanying authentic cuts. What-

fact, they owe the name by which they are called. *Botuque*, signifies a block, and *Botacudos*, blockmen.

The residue of the twelve millions of inhabitants of the empire is chiefly composed of the naturalized Portuguese; secondly, of



THE JAGUAR, OR BRAZILIAN TIGER.

ever may be thought of their grotesque appearance in the eyes of civilized people, they certainly are entitled to the distinction of originality in their style of personal adornment, by means of blocks of wood inserted in their lips and ears. To this custom, in

free-born and manumitted negroes and their descendants, and a liberal intermixture of both races. The white population partakes of nearly all the characteristics of the Creole of the West Indies and Louisiana, with perhaps less of the fiery, restless disposition of

the latter. In fact, your true Brazilian is an individual of an easy, placid, imperturbable nonchalance. In the cities he acquires, from association, more of the activity and energy

their celebrated tour through the United States and Europe in 1876-77.

The Constitution recognizes four political powers: the legislative, the moderator, the executive, and the judicial. The first is vested in a senate and chamber of deputies. The senators are elected for life; when a vacancy occurs each province selects three persons, from whom the emperor determines who shall serve. The composition, therefore, of the upper house is practically in the hands of the monarch. The deputies are elected by the



EAR AND LIP ORNAMENTS OF THE BOTACUDO INDIANS.
[Front View]. [Side View].

which we are accustomed to; but in the country, on his plantation, he is the aristocratic grandee, whose sole care in life appears to be to maintain his own dignity, to be hospitable, sociable to his equals, and to allow nothing to disturb his equanimity. His characteristics as a merchant, a planter, a statesman, and at the head of his family will be described in an ensuing article.

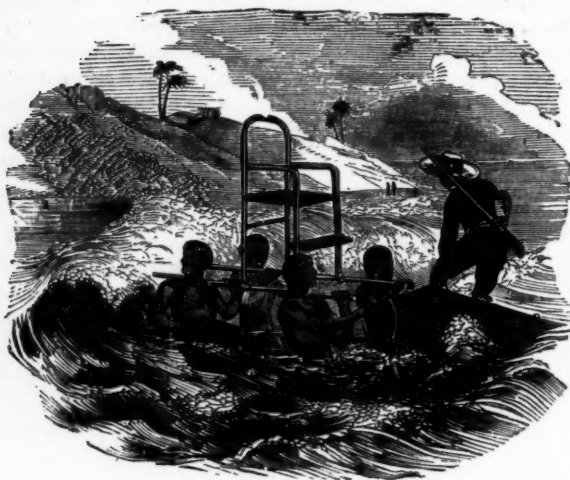
The form of government in Brazil is monarchical, hereditary, constitutional, and representative. The reigning dynasty is that of Dom Pedro I, founder of the empire, its first sovereign and perpetual defender, and father of its present ruler, Dom Pedro II. The latter was born on the 2d of February, 1825, and succeeded to the throne on the 7th of April, 1831. Ten years later, at the age sixteen, he was crowned, and assumed the reins of government. The presumptive heiress is the Princess Donna Isabel, who acted as regent of the empire during the absence of her imperial parents on

people of the respective provinces quadrennially.

The moderator power, or, in other words, the royal prerogative, is almost without restriction, except such as is imposed by the ruler's own sense of right and justice, and the knowledge, emphasized by experience, that his subjects will not submit to tyranny and misrule. By the Constitution this power extends to selecting senators, convoking extraordinary assemblies, and proroguing or adjourning them, dissolving the chamber of deputies when the safety of the state requires it (of which the emperor is the sole judge), and sanctioning the decrees and resolutions of the General Assembly, without



A BOTACUDO FAMILY ON THE MARCH.



PADIOLA

which they can not become a law; with relation to the executive power, freely naming and dismissing ministers of state; with relation to the judicial power, suspending judges, pardoning and commuting sentences after all the judicial resources have been exhausted, and granting amnesties. The person of the emperor is declared to be "inviolable, sacred, and irresponsible," a declaration, however, which would have availed little if the father of the present monarch had not seen fit to make a hasty abdication, and which Dom Pedro II is an individual of too much judgment to presume upon.

The executive, as distinct from the moderator power, extends to the appointment of every functionary of every condition and rank, even to the nomination of bishops and the endowment of ecclesiastical benefices; declaring war and making peace; granting titles of nobility; granting or denying the *placet* to apostolic councils, and numerous other less important particulars. The acts of the emperor are exercised through seven Ministers of State, who correspond to the cabinets of other nations. His salary is four hundred thousand dollars.

The judicial system of the empire is so similar to our own that it needs no description. Civil suits are discouraged by the Constitution, which contains the provision

that no one can bring a case into court without attempting a conciliation with his adversary before a justice of the peace. Arbitrators may also be appointed, whose sentences are executed without appeal if so stipulated. In general the administration of justice is simpler than in England and the United States. It may be objected that the citizen is thereby deprived of some of his safeguards, but exhaustive litigation is thus avoided in many cases. When an accused person is arraigned before the proper tribunal a jury of twelve is selected, the re-

cord commitment is read, and the testimony on both sides is presented. The advocate of the prisoner and the public prosecutor then address the jury, after which the judge propounds a series of questions to the jury, the answers to which constitute the verdict. It is obvious that by this plan special pleading and legal skirmishing are to a great extent defeated. The decision in every case is by a majority vote of the jury. The judge sits on one side of the hall, the prosecuting attorney on the other. The jury are seated at two semi-circular tables, at the right and left of the judge. The lawyers do not rise to address the jury, thereby losing an opportunity for oratorical display and forensic buncombe, which must save much valuable time.

The empire is subdivided into twenty-one provinces, each of which is under the control of a president. They have their respective provincial assemblies, as also in turn have the cities and towns their municipal councils. In these particulars the divisions of Brazil and their administration so closely resemble our States that they may be passed without further notice. The following are some of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution:

No citizen is bound to do, or leave undone, any thing unless by virtue of the law.

No law can have a retroactive effect.

Freedom of speech and liberty of the press, subject to action for damages for libel.

No one can be oppressed for his religious opinions.

Titles to property are guaranteed in all their plenitude.

The right of petition.

It will be seen from the foregoing that nothing exists in the laws of Brazil to prevent her people from acquiring as advanced a state of civilization and as great national prosperity as any nation on the globe. How nearly the spirit of the people approaches the spirit of the Constitution may be best

It is, however, in this case, that distance lends enchantment to the view; for Olinda, whose inhabitants once looked down in contempt upon their commercial neighbors of the Recife, is now in decay. The law school, with its three hundred students, has been transferred to Pernambuco, and this once valiant capital of the Equatorial colonies of Portugal is now almost deserted. As we drew near to Pernambuco, the warehouses and the shipping presented the features of a large commercial town, and the resemblance between it and the silent Queen of the Adriatic no longer forced itself upon the beholder. The waves outside of the curious



THE JANGADA, AND THE ENTRANCE TO PERNAMBUCO.

determined by a glance at various localities.

Pernambuco is the third city in point of size in the empire, and the most natural port of entry from this country and Europe. The approach by the sea is most beautiful. It is thus described by Mr. Fletcher in the work before alluded to:

"The towers and domes of the Recife or Pernambuco, appeared like those of Venice to be gradually rising from the sparkling water. Far to our right on a bold and verdant hill we could descry the suburb called Olinda (*the beautiful*), seeming like a rich mosaic of white towers, vermilion roofs, bright green palm trees and bananeiros.

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reef (*recife*), or natural breakwater, were dotted with lateen-sailed jangadas or catamarans, and the proprietors of these dancing rigged crafts seemed literally at sea 'on a log.'"

Pernambuco is the largest sugar mart in the country. Its population is estimated at one hundred thousand. The streets are substantially paved. Water-works supply the entire city. Gas is in use in all public buildings, and in the residences and places of business of the wealthy. The streets are illuminated by fifteen hundred burners, at an annual cost of fifty thousand dollars.

The traveler who visits Pernambuco may get an accurate idea of the city from a ver-

randa near the harbor. Imagine a hammock swung in the rear of the observer, rocked by the soft sea-breeze which recurs every day at the same hour with the regularity of clock work. Would not the surroundings be conducive to the siesta which the Brazilian loves so well? Mr. Fletcher describes a street scene as follows: "Early morning is the busy hour of Pernambuco. The sugar streets are thronged with a wonderful miscellany of horses, mules, asses, and sugar bags; sugar merchants delicately holding samples; cotton bales; goats with their families on a morning promenade; and quitandeiras eloquently passing panegyrics on cakes, comfits, and oranges. And still the tide of loaded horses and asses pours into the Trapixe. The horses lie down to rest, and the Sertanejo, fatigued with the riot of the night, and anticipating the noon-day siesta, pillows himself to slumber on the neck of his steed. A wood dealer, with twin bundles of fagots strapped on the side of his donkey, attempts to force a way. He is followed by a poultry dealer, mounted on an ass, with an immense hamper of fowls, advertised by a dozen chicken-necks thrust at full length through the lattices. Macaws and parrots make the tenor of the busy occasion, while the ambitious trumpets of a half-dozen donkeys lend their bass semitones. In the midst of this Babel of sounds the *sabia*—sweetest of the Southern feathered tribes of song, and peer of the Northern thrush and the mocking-bird—pours out his hearty, mellow praises from a lady's window by the side of a white-washed church."

The country for hundreds of miles around Pernambuco is largely devoted to the cultivation of sugar. On the line of the railroad from the Recife to Joazeiro, a distance of seventy-five miles, there are three hundred sugar estates. Cotton also is one of the staples of this province. From the distant plantations of the interior, the cotton is brought twice a year by a class of men called *sertanejos*. The *sertanejo* mounts one animal and is followed by a dozen or more loaded after a manner common in that country. A monkey with a clog tied to his waist acts as the driver of one, a parrot and his mate

another, and a large brass-throated macaw with a stiff coat of feathers another.

The coast, for a long distance north of Pernambuco, is low, and even at the best ports landing is effected in a somewhat primitive style. The means employed is the *padiola*, a large chair mounted on a frame, and borne on the shoulders of a half-dozen stout slaves. Dr. Kidder passed through the surf at Ceara in one of these vehicles, and pronounces the sensation a novel though not an unpleasant one.

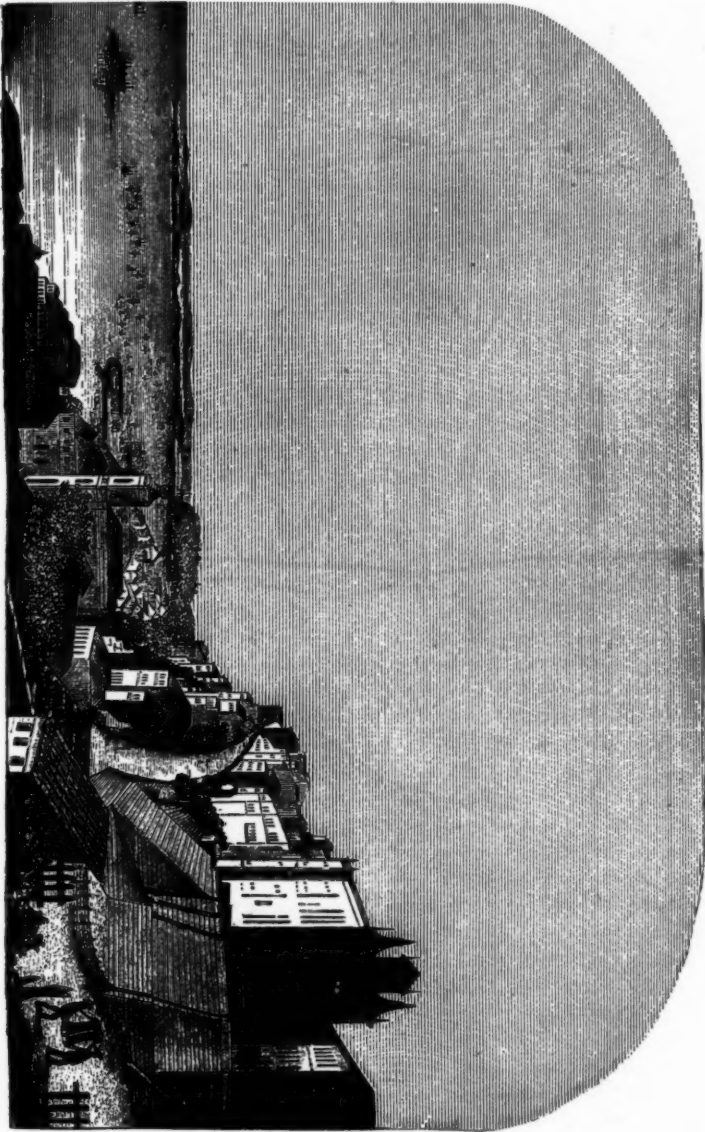
Stretching away from Pernambuco into the interior traveling becomes difficult, although extremely picturesque, sometimes winding along the side of a mountain, which gives extensive views of plains beyond, and sometimes in deep valleys along the banks of babbling streams. Horseback is the only fashion admissible for the planter, although the poorer classes are glad to bestride a mule or donkey if fortune favors them.

A line drawn directly west from Pernambuco would intersect Brazil at its widest part and divide the empire into two nearly equal portions. Direct intercourse with this central portion from the coast is impracticable owing to the natural barrier of the water-shed mountain range. The scene in the province of Piahy, the first province west of the mountains crossed by the imaginary line referred to, illustrates the topography of the country. Still farther west are the provinces of Goyaz and Mato Grosso, both very large, but the only two in the empire which are wholly inland. Mato Grosso borders on Bolivia, and is very rich in natural products, especially rubber. It is to open this country to the commerce of the world that the Madeira and Mamore railroad is now in process of construction by American contractors, under the direction of American and English engineers. The terminal points are in Bolivia and at San Antonio, on the Madeira River, which is navigable for steamers from thence to the Amazon and then on to the broad Atlantic. There have been many obstacles to overcome which have interfered with the steady progress of the work, but according to the very latest reports, "it is an unjust reflection

upon American engineering and pluck and capacity to doubt the ability of our people to build this railroad, and an entire pervers-

The railroad from Pernambuco to Joazeiro, called the Recife and San Francisco railroad, is designed to meet on the banks of the River

VIEW OF A PORTION OF BAHIA.



sion of fact to claim that either the climate, topography, or position of the line, renders its completion a matter of doubtful feasibility."

San Francisco with the Bahia and Joazeiro railroad, and thus form an inland connection between the two principal cities of the central portion of Brazil, to which the local



PORTERS OF BAHIA.

notices of this article are limited. As it is contemplated to devote two ensuing articles to a description of Rio de Janeiro and the southern provinces, and of the Valley of the Amazon on the north, respectively, it will be proper to make brief allusion here to Bahia, the second city in the empire.

The name Bahia signifies bay, and applies alike to one of the grandest natural harbors in the world, the city built upon its shores, and a large province embracing a vast extent of contiguous country. Although the city has some of the finest modern business blocks in South America, the general aspect of the town is antique. It is very picturesque in its location, but the streets are narrow and steep, many of them impassable for wheeled vehicles. All burdens are therefore carried on the heads and shoulders of men. In the illustration given the large building on the high terrace is the theater. The round fort out in the harbor was built by the Dutch in 1624, since when neither time nor war has made any perceptible change in its appearance. Bahia de Todos Santos, the Bay of All Saints, was discovered by Amerigo Vesputius in 1503. It is also noted for being the last city that remained faithful to Portugal, for being in early times the most important rendezvous for those engaged in the African slave-trade, and for being the ecclesiastical capital of the country, the residence of the archbishop.

The greater portion of the population of Brazil is employed in agriculture, which is the principal source of the nation's wealth. The cultivation of sugar and cotton has been lightly referred to, and hardly more space can be allowed for the many other products. With regard to coffee, the chief article of Brazilian agriculture, no country produces so much or of a better general quality. The rubber-tree, which has hitherto only grown wild, is now beginning to be cultivated, owing to the

immense demand for valuable gum, which has so many and varied uses. Tapioca and farina are so easily prepared from the root of the manioc that the cultivation of that indigenous plant has to a considerable extent proved more profitable than coffee, sugar, or cotton. Tobacco grows spontaneously, and in its improved culture promises well. Vast prairies in the interior of Brazil, irrigated by wholesome and abundant water, offer exceptional conditions to pastoral industry. In the provinces of Rio Grande de Sul, Mato Grasso, Goyaz, Maranham, and others, where this is carried on, the raising of cattle is confided wholly to nature, and the breeder does nothing but receive the profits. In 1873-74 the province of Rio Grande de Sul alone exported jerked beef to the value of six million dollars.

Commercial statistics are at best but dry reading, and, moreover, would be out of place in a publication chiefly literary in its character; nevertheless, the fact can not be overlooked that by the diversion of the trade of Brazil to European countries the United States loses a valuable market for the sale of her products and manufactures. For instance, the annual exports of Brazil amount to one hundred million dollars, of which one-half are bought in this country, chiefly coffee and caoutchouc, which are absolutely indispensable to us. In return, barely seven million dollars are exported from here to

Brazil in breadstuffs and manufactures, leaving a balance of forty-three million dollars which has to be settled in gold. And, what is still further to our disadvantage, this has to be paid by bills of exchange on London, at the cost of a double commission to English bankers. To obviate this necessity a project is on foot to establish a banking-house through which exchange can be directly procured in New York or Rio Janeiro.

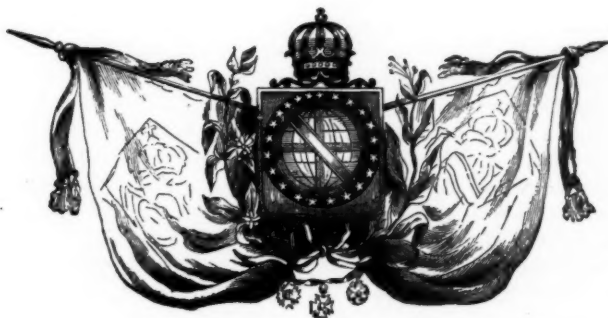
Up to a recent period the mail service between this country and Brazil has been in the hands of the British, greatly to our disadvantage from a commercial standpoint. In the first place, the steamers used were designedly slow, and a Brazilian merchant could transmit his orders to England by the fast European lines and have them filled in nearly the same time that it would take a letter to reach the United States. Secondly, because these steamers did not return directly to Brazil, allowing our merchants to send freight there, but went back by way of Liverpool or London, taking English manufactures instead. In the Spring of 1878 an American line of steamers was established to run between New York and Rio de Janeiro, and touch at the intermediate points of St. Thomas, Para, Pernambuco, and Bahia. In order to maintain their grip upon the commerce of Brazil, the English companies have offered to carry the mails free, and thus prevent the new line from getting a subsidy from the Brazilian Government.

The question of how to influence best the exchange of commodities between the two largest nations in the Western Hemisphere will have to be determined by our legislators, but its importance can not be overrated. Dom Pedro II, in his recent visit to the United States, recognized the desirability of ample and easy communication, and is only waiting now to be met half-way to aid the new line with material assistance.

The topics of colonization and education, excluded from this article by limitation of space, will demand attention when we come to prepare a sketch of Rio de Janeiro and its vicinity.

If the glory of a country depends upon the number and magnitude of its wars, the empire of Brazil will occupy little space in the history of the future. If the stability of a dynasty is in proportion to the quantity of blood which flows about the base of its throne, that of Dom Pedro I will not endure long. If, on the contrary, the gradual though peaceful development of a country tends to its ultimate prosperity, the wise and moderate rule of a monarch to a firm foundation in the hearts of his people, Brazil and the House of Braganza may be destined to pre-eminence in the ages to come, when the more ambitious nations of to-day have lost their individuality in sanguinary conflicts or wasted their energy in too rapid growth; for

'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.'



ARMS OF THE BRAZILIAN EMPIRE.

FERNEY AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

WHEN Voltaire had to leave Germany, and was looking around him for another place of abode, some citizens of Geneva invited him to that city, and made a proposal for facilitating the printing of his books. Perhaps it was the convenience of being near a printing-press that led him to accept the offer. Voltaire was rich, and had an eye to all the amenities of life, and choosing two beautiful situations, he acquired one house near Geneva, and another near Lausanne. It was remarked that he was the first Roman Catholic, if he could be called such, that had acquired establishments in these cantons since the days of Calvin and Zwingli. Voltaire, however, did not make either of these houses his permanent residence. There runs into the canton of Geneva, close to the town, a tongue of French territory, in the Pays de Gex, now called the Department l'Ain. At Ferney, in this part of France, four miles from Geneva, Voltaire purchased a piece of land, and built the château which still bears his name. The Pays de Gex had been made a wilderness at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Protestants who were once numerous in it had been dragonnaded, burnt, or banished, and half the country had become a marsh, spreading pestilential exhalations round. It had been a project of Voltaire's to settle in some such wilderness, in order to reclaim it. Ferney suited him admirably for this purpose. There can be no doubt that under the auspices of Voltaire it wholly changed its external character. In place of a wretched wooden hamlet, where eighty poverty-stricken peasants dragged out their existence, Ferney became a thriving village of twelve hundred inhabitants, living comfortably in houses of stone. Voltaire did a great deal in the way of building houses, setting up industries, and furnishing employment for the people. It was one of his better qualities that he had a great interest in the progress of humanity, and liked to see human beings living comfortably.

More than this—Voltaire actually built a church at Ferney. It exists at the present day, although it is not used for worship. He who had all his life scoffed and sneered at Christianity, and had applied to our most blessed Lord and Savior an epithet which makes us shudder after more than a hundred years, actually built a church for Roman Catholic use! Perhaps he did it with a measure of sincerity, for Voltaire was never an atheist, and not only maintained the being of God, but held that religion was so necessary for men, that if there were not a God, it would be necessary to invent one. The little church bears to this day the inscription—"Deo erexit Voltaire" (Voltaire built this to God). He used to take his visitors to see it, and to read the inscription. He told them that the church was dedicated to God, as the common Father of all men. The simplicity of the inscription drew attention, and it was remarked that it was the only church dedicated to God alone. But devout men could not but recoil from the easy familiarity with which the name that is above every name was coupled with Voltaire's, as if Voltaire had placed God under an obligation to him. In Voltaire's intention, the church was a sort of deistic monument, a protest against the Trinity, a protest against Christianity. That it should have been given over to the Roman Catholics was probably because in no other way would it have been used by the people. Voltaire seems to have desired the credit of making provision for all their wants; and in order to gain this reputation, he gave them a building in which they were to be trained in all the superstitious beliefs and magical practices for which he cherished so profound a contempt.

The Château-Voltaire is in excellent preservation at the present time, and visitors are shown the grounds and garden, a tree planted by Voltaire, and within the château, his salon and his bedroom. These last are very much as he left them. Perhaps the feature that

most strikes a stranger is the voluptuous character of the paintings, the marked predominance of the nude. We see the sympathy of this great unbeliever with that taste in art, so prevalent in France, which shows, at the least, a want of moral delicacy in the artist, and tends to lower the moral tone of the people. Two inscriptions have been placed in the salon that rather bewilder the stranger—"Mes mânes sont consolés, puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vous." "Son esprit est partout, et son cœur est ici." By a poetical fiction they represent the heart of the great writer as still hovering about the place, while his spirit spreads over the world. The last part of the statement is true—his spirit did spread over the world, long after his shriveled form became dust. And this makes the place remarkable still. It is touching to be in the very chambers where one who did so much to discountenance Christianity lived and slept. It is strange to think of the man living and working here, who looked on the Bible as the great foe to human well-being and progress, and believed that in another century it would be well-nigh a forgotten book. The influences that went out from Ferney in those days were not slight or slender forces, but served, in a very marked degree, to swell the tide of unbelief which rose in France to such a disastrous height, and spread to so many countries besides.

But time brings about remarkable changes. Within a stone-cast from the château-Voltaire rises now a Protestant church, and at its side the modest manse of M. Pasquet, pastor of the Reformed Church at Ferney. We have said that after the dragonnades and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Protestantism was well-nigh burnt out of the Pays de Gex. In Voltaire's time it had no church or school, or visible representation whatever. But toward the end of last century, it began timidly to hold up its head. In 1795, a few years after the Revolution, Protestant worship was established. More than twenty years later a school was added, and in 1819 a pastor for the whole Pays de Gex was officially appointed and recognized. In 1825 a church was built at Ferney. In 1830 and

1851 two stations were set up, Gex and Divonne, and occasional worship was held in them. In 1852 a new start was made, and the work of reparation was extended to other places beyond the Pays de Gex. But we believe we may say that it is since the appointment of M. Pasquet, some twenty years ago, that the work of evangelization has made by far the greatest progress. Rousing the congregation of Ferney, the pastor has found among its earnest people many valuable helpers in the great work which he has undertaken. We need not enter into all the dates and details of progress, which can hardly be appreciated when the geography of the district is unknown. It may be enough to state that, as the result of the labors of M. Pasquet and his friends, there are now in the district around Ferney eight stations provided with churches and schools, and with either pastors or evangelists, while in Ferney itself there are two orphan asylums for Protestant children, who were either quite destitute or were in the midst of pernicious moral influences, one for boys and the other for girls, the number of inmates being seventy in all. Besides all this, libraries have been established, and the labors of the colporteur and the Bible-woman are employed according as means are found or openings occur; the whole of this machinery being carried on under the personal superintendence and responsibility of M. Pasquet, and at an annual outlay, for which he alone has to provide, of above two thousand pounds sterling. It is not merely because the results already secured are most gratifying that this enterprise has a claim on the sympathy of the Christian world, but also because it has in it such a spirit of life, so much of the promise and potency of divine influence, that if duly sustained and developed, it can not fail to be attended with the most important results. Ever since we became acquainted with the work of M. Pasquet we have had a strong desire to publish a short notice of it, partly on its own account, and partly because, having Ferney for its center, it illustrates the quiet but wonderful way in which the Lord bringeth to nought the counsel of the ungodly, and shows the everlasting vitality

and enduring power and freshness of his own Word.

It can hardly be necessary to vindicate M. Pasquet from the charge of being a mere proselytizer, one who tries to build up his own Church at the expense of others which he ought to let alone. Apart from all other considerations, M. Pasquet's more immediate object is to gather together the scattered atoms of Protestantism which survive the persecution of centuries, and to show, under the very shadow of Voltaire's château, the mighty power of the faith of Christ, not only to counteract unbelief, but to renew, purify, and elevate the whole life and nature of man.

Where a whole community are substantially of the same creed, with churches, schools, hospitals, and other institutions all molded by its influence, people can have little conception of the difficulties, temptations, and embarrassments of scattered Protestants, living as bare units in the midst of communities thoroughly molded by the Church of Rome. The natural tendency for such scattered remnants is to dwindle from age to age, and finally to disappear; because, as they recede from the time when they made their great stand, the difficulties and inconveniences of their position multiply, the zeal of succeeding generations becomes colder, and the opportunity is apt to be taken of any excuse that offers to give up the contest and accept the inevitable.

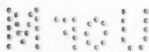
In the face of such considerations and influences, the tenacity which has often been shown by scattered Protestant families, and even the representatives of families once Protestant, is very wonderful, and so is their readiness to respond to efforts made to provide them with Scriptural worship, and the earnest preaching of the Word of God.

But apart from this, any one who considers the absolute and utter feebleness of a Protestant pastor to contend against the tremendous social influence of the Roman Catholic Church will smile at the very idea of an attempt by the former to make converts otherwise than through the self-commanding power of what he teaches. If the

Protestant pastor has not got a message that will go to the heart of his hearers he acts the part of a fool in going among Roman Catholics, and trying to induce them to follow him; and very soon, indeed, he will be convinced of his folly. If he has a message which sticks to the consciences of his hearers, and moves their hearts, that message must have been given him by the Lord of all, and he would be only a coward and a traitor if, intrusted with such a Gospel, the reproach of seeking to proselytize, or any other reproach, should hinder him from making it known.

The *feuilles volantes*, or fly leaves, which M. Pasquet issues from time to time, to let his friends know what is going on, are too brief and fragmentary to furnish any thing like a detailed account of his work. If these notices were more elaborate and artistic, it would be easier for us to place our readers *en rapport* with the operations in L'Ain; but the documents are really on this account more trustworthy, because they are so palpably genuine, and written without any idea of making a *couleur de rose* representation. We can easily understand, too, that well watched as M. Pasquet and all his agents are, it would not be very wise for them to go much into detail, or to bring into too conspicuous a position their humble friends who are asking the way to the blessings of salvation.

Some of the reports give us a vivid idea of the prejudices that are often entertained with respect to Protestants, and the bad character which is given to the Reformers. The old tricks here are not quite worn out. But we confess we were hardly prepared to find a Roman Catholic nobleman, who has written a violent pamphlet against the work, undertake the defense of the Spanish Inquisition, and deliberately maintain that in saving Spain from the wicked schism of Luther, it had, in spite of some excesses, proved a great blessing to that country. It is rather amusing to find the Protestants treated as allies of Bismarck, the modern Attila, who having already dragged Alsace and Lorraine into the German Empire, is preparing to do the same with the Protestant cantons of Switzer-



land; and if Gex and Nantua should become Protestant, would doubtless engulf them in the same scheme of spoliation. It is a handy, and in many cases a too successful, reproach to denounce every active Protestant as a Prussian, or as an agent of Bismarck, or at the least a restless person, who seeks to destroy public tranquillity and order. We can not doubt, however, that these silly and ignorant cries will soon die away, especially under the influence of the much more ample toleration which the French Government, now so happily established, accords to the meetings and general operations of evangelism.

In the work of evangelization, two very opposite classes come athwart the agents of M. Pasquet,—ignorant Catholics, and freethinking *ouvriers* of various orders. There is something quite *naïve* in the remarks of the former when some unknown fact is presented to them. "So it was not Jesus Christ that instituted the rosary," is often the remark made when a true view enters the mind of what our Lord really taught as to the nature of prayer. We find, however, the *ouvrier* class much more inclined to freethinking than to superstition. "Every day," says a new agent at Nantua, "since my arrival I have had discussions with materialists, pantheists, positivists, rationalists, or as they call themselves, freethinkers of every description. The unbelievers, however, are not at rest. It is often from them that requests come for meetings in which religious questions are freely handled, and discussion on them allowed. These are sometimes very largely attended. But it does not follow that all who attend them are earnest about religion, for they often resist private dealings, and they seem to like such meetings rather as means for opening the minds of the people on general subjects than as affording the true solution of *les questions religieuses*."

Generally there is great ignorance of the Gospel and of the Bible. But when persons are induced to listen and to read, the first impression is commonly that of surprise. The notion of a free salvation is a very striking one. It affords a great contrast to

the *religion d'argent*—the religion of money—to which they have been accustomed. And the lessons of the New Testament are often as comforting as they are arresting. The fourteenth chapter of St. John seems to make a great impression. The notion of the Savior preparing mansions for his people in heaven, and coming again to receive them to himself, is at once striking and refreshing. The desire to know more of a book that makes such striking communications and revelations naturally springs up in the heart. Sometimes the lessons are made vital by the power of the Spirit, and in such cases we need not wonder that no power could induce the owners to give up the book.

We have interesting scenes in some of these *feuilles volantes*. "The other day," says one of the agents, "I went to a large steam-power manufactory with a large bundle of tracts, which were distributed, I might say pulled away, in an instant. Then the wife of a stoker begged me to converse with her husband. I went below, and found a sort of Vulcan feeding a furnace from two great heaps, one of wood, the other of coal. Between the shovelings we had a most interesting conversation, for the man is intelligent, educated too, a hot republican, greatly disgusted with the teaching of Rome, seeking for the truth without knowing where to find it, and asking me what I thought of the Christianity of Cabel. I was glad to be able to point him to the true source of light, the Word of God, and offered him a New Testament, which he gladly accepted.

"Another time I went to a large flour-mill. Feeling tired, I sat down on the trunk of some trees at a little distance from the factory. When I was observed I was soon surrounded by a great number of work-people, of all ages and of both sexes. I had some illustrated tracts. I showed them and asked one of the people to read out one of them. I was fortunate in my choice, for he was an overseer, and he did his task admirably; reading in an intelligent and almost solemn tone. It was an interesting subject for a painter, as well as a Christian, the group of people in many different attitudes

and costumes, in a fine natural situation, surrounding a man of tall stature, who was reading to them the earnest exhortation and pressing appeals of divine grace. I sent a Gospel to one of the managers, and the other day he came to ask me if the pastor might not come and give them a sermon at the factory."

Besides providing the labors of pastors, evangelists, and colporteurs, it is a part of M. Pasquet's plan to bring occasionally on the scene some person of high repute, that the people may hear confirmed from his lips the lessons addressed to them by the more ordinary run of agents. Among the men of mark who have been brought thus on the scene is the venerable and learned Professor Rosseeuw St. Hilaire. The subject on which he spoke successively at Bourg, Nantua, and Oyonnax was the moral elevation of France. It is needless to say that on such a subject, and from the mouth of such a speaker, the address was calculated to promote the cause of evangelical belief among the people. Every-where there were crowded assemblies, and at Oyonnax, where there was an attendance of one thousand two hundred, the speaker was obliged to speak from a balcony in a public square to the great multitudes assembled to hear him. Every-where, too, the audience showed itself in the main in sympathy with what was said. The journal of Bourg, that of Nantua, and even the journal of Lyons itself, gave an account of the meeting, and spoke most favorably and eulogistically of the address of the speaker. After having said that M. Rosseeuw St. Hilaire had shown in the Gospel the true means of elevation, quoting in support the nations of strongest faith, such as England, America, Holland, etc., the writer added—"M. St. Hilaire, as every one knows, is an orthodox and enthusiastic Protestant. His vindication of Protestantism, before an overwhelming Catholic audience, was made with tact and care not to hurt the sensibilities of any. The audience, composed of all classes of society, numerous, attentive, and sympathetic, applauded with all the enthusiasm which comports with their constitutional coldness, and two Catholic priests, who had

taken part in the meeting, were able, without surprising or hurting the feelings of any one, to go and congratulate this man, so profoundly religious, on the ardor and sincerity with which he had upheld the faith."

The general results of such operations as these are apparent in the increasing number of stations and schools which have been established in the neighborhoods where they are carried on. Occasionally an application for Protestant worship will come from a large number of persons; but this may result from local irritation, rather than love of the Gospel. It is more interesting and satisfactory to hear of individual cases of conversion. A freethinker, for example, comes to one of the agents, and says, "I was an utter unbeliever; but that is past, for now I can not but believe. Up to the present time I thought of Jesus as a great man, the most perfect of philosophers; but since Sunday morning, when I read some verses in the tenth chapter of St. Matthew, and from all that I have read and heard since, I am constrained to adopt another opinion."

Among Roman Catholics fear of death is common, and the priest and the last sacraments are eagerly sought. In these notices we find somewhere the fear of death has been quite overcome, and the services and sacraments of the priest dispensed with, because without them the dying person had all that he required.

Thus, in the very circle of which Voltaire was once the center, and where his influence was so great, the old, old story continues to repeat itself. The Gospel of Jesus Christ again shows itself to be the power of God unto salvation, and gives fresh evidence of that eternal freshness which smiles at the efforts of unbelievers, and appears in all the vigor of youth when their works are covered with the dust and rust of decay.

That there is a golden opportunity now for sowing the good seed is abundantly evident. At the present moment the opportunity is better than ever. It seems to us a great duty of the Christian Church, when Providence raises up men like M. Pasquet, of wonderful energy and faith, and great power of organizing Christian labor, to sup-

ply cheerfully and abundantly the means of prosecuting the work. These apostolic men are but rare gifts of the great head of the Church. While they are in the prime of their strength, they should receive all due encouragement and material help; the utmost should be made of them; they should

never be left to lament the opportunities they had to neglect, the openings they were obliged to pass by, the hungry and thirsty multitudes to whom they might have given the bread and water of life, if only they had been furnished with a little more of this world's means.

A NOTABLE FAMILY OF PRINTERS.

AMONG the most interesting objects at the recent Caxton exhibition was the large collection of old Bibles. Caxton himself, for reasons which are well known, was not a printer of Bibles, but a prominent place in that department of labor was occupied by Robert Stephen, whose life has now a timely interest.

Gutenberg did not dream, when, in 1456, he printed at Mayence his famous Bible, called (from the number of lines in each page) "The Bible of Forty-two Lines," that he was forging the weapons with which Luther and his fellow-laborers were to attack the Papacy. If the Roman Pontiff, then all-powerful, could have foretold the evil that one printing-press would do him he would have brought Gutenberg to the ax or the stake. When he did discover the ravages which this great invention was making in his Church it was too late, and he had to submit, inveighing against that which he could not prevent. Protestantism, which claims its sculptors, its poets, and its painters, has also its great printers, and at the head of these stands Robert Stephen, the best known of three brothers, sons of Henri Stephen.

Robert was born at Paris, in 1503. "We are ignorant," say the brothers Haag, "who were his masters, but they must have been good ones if we can judge by the rapid progress of the child, to whom, ere long, the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages became familiar." At seventeen years of age he lost his father; and his mother remarried, and he was apprenticed to Simon de Colines, his godfather, who managed the estates of Henri Stephen during the minority of the

heirs. Robert, who had great literary acquirements, "composed" in no mechanical way, for when he found faults in the copy he corrected them. His boldness threatened to bring him into trouble, for he ventured to restore certain passages in the New Testament which his godfather had given him to collate. The Sorbonne was startled at the daring of the young typographer, and from that day, for thirty years, it never ceased to keep its eye upon him as a dangerous person. Our young apprentice, who had a noble soul and an intrepid heart, did not bow his head before that corporation, in whose presence even the king himself had sometimes felt powerless, and, for its part, the Sorbonne aimed at nothing short of burning this daring innovator, whose sole crime consisted in having re-established the true reading in passages altered by the Doctors of the Romish Church. A *procès* was instituted against him. He gained his cause, after having proved to the Sorbonne that they were ignorant and deceitful.

Robert, just arrived at his majority, founded a printing-press which became famous, and to which he owes the glory which clings around his name. According to the custom of the times, he took for a mark an olive, with this device, taken from the Epistle to the Romans: "Noli altum sapere (sed time)." "Be not high-minded (but fear)." He had the good fortune to marry an intelligent and affectionate wife, who aided him in his noble occupation and sustained him under his trials. She was the daughter of the celebrated printer, Jodocus Badius, commonly called Perette Bade. The house of the newly married couple became the resort

of the most famous scholars of this happy and glorious epoch. Robert occupied amongst them a distinguished place; in his family they all, even the servants, spoke Latin, the only language for intercommunication for the learned men of all nations. Robert was held by them in special affection. The Greek and Latin works which left his press were remarkable for the correctness of the text, the beauty of the characters, and the elegance of the impression. He well deserved the title of the Prince of Typographers, and the celebrated historian De Thou affirms that to him France and all Christendom owe more than to all their warriors put together.

In 1528 Robert brought out an edition of the Bible in Latin; four years after he produced a new commentary, of short but lucid notes, selected from the best authorities. The Sorbonne cried out against such a scandalous proceeding, declaring that even death was too easy a punishment for such a crime. Robert had printed truths as unpalatable to the Sorbonnists as the sun is to the birds of the night. His enemies, who could not forgive his conduct, devised a thousand schemes for his destruction, and he was not free even from spies and domiciliary visits. He bore all with great patience, and continued with wonderful perseverance to propagate, through his press, the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. After the death of Francis I, Robert found himself left without a protector. Strangely enough, amongst those who were anxious to forbid his publishing his fine editions of the Bible, there were some who did not understand Latin, and there was one of them who said one day, "By my word, I have lived more than fifty years, and never knew that there was more than one New Testament."

After long discussions, Robert found himself at last at a council of the king, in the presence of a number of the Sorbonnists, and many lords and bishops. The debate was carried on with animation. The doctors, who believed that they were infallible, not acting in concert one with another, carried on Robert's defense for him, either by

holding with his opinions, or by making observations so foolish and ridiculous that they provoked the laughter of the spectators. With equal ease and erudition, the printer defended his texts, and after loud and long debate the council decided that this matter affected the bishops, and so forbade the Sorbonne to continue to usurp a right of censure which did not belong to them. The decision of the council being given roused the protests of the doctors; they went off fuming with rage, and resolving to submit our printer's text to *La Chambre Ardente*; which was, in fact, to throw the lamb into the jaws of the wolf.

This "*Chambre Ardente*" had been instituted to try and settle extreme cases of heresy, for when once a Protestant was summoned to appear there he rarely escaped with his life. Since this *Chambre* had power to condemn the accused to be burned, it had got the name of *Ardente* (from the Latin *ardere*, "to burn"). Robert Stephen saw at once his perilous position; in this critical moment of his life he displayed wonderful skill and great courage. He could, had he retracted, have lived peacefully, but this he would not do. Notwithstanding the righteousness of his cause, he was forbidden to sell his Bibles; but since the charge under which he was arrested was unique in its character, the Sorbonne was ordered to indemnify him for his expenses, and to give him fifteen hundred crowns. The doctors cried out at this with all their might. "Infamous," they shouted, "that any should take the part of evil-doers!"

King Henri II, who should have been Stephen's defender, as his father had been when on the throne, was of a weak disposition; the doctors paid nothing, and the printer found himself on the brink of ruin, but not disheartened. "I can truly say," he wrote to a friend, "that my spirit has been always free; I have never served filthy lucre, the Lord has accustomed me to work as naturally as the bird to flight." He continued to work his numerous presses, from one of which came forth his fine Hebrew Bible. The Sorbonnists did not oppose its sale, for they could not even read the first

letter of the Hebrew alphabet. Erelong, however, they joined together again against the printer, and he resolved to quit France. Robert Stephen had not read his Bible in vain. It had spoken to his honest, righteous spirit, and without even saying "I wish to be a Protestant," he had become one. The scaffold where he had seen so many courageous confessors of Jesus Christ did not dismay him, and but for his large and beautiful family he would have remained in France at the risk of being burned. But he was a father, and wished, naturally enough, to find for his children some place where he could bring them up in the Christian faith and shelter them from the malice of the priests. His thoughts turned to Geneva, already the city of refuge of so many Frenchmen. He sent off, one by one, the members of his family, and he himself reached that hospitable city in November, 1550, accompanied by his eldest son, Henri.

The next month Robert celebrated his second marriage with Margaret Deschamps, and resumed his work of printing. It was he who originated the idea of arranging the New Testament in verses, which has since been commonly adopted, and which offers so many facilities to the generality of readers. The hatred of the priests pursued Robert Stephen even to his foreign home; they accused him, one of the most disinterested and upright men of his time, of having stolen the Greek characters from the Royal Printing Office; but his name remains pure, and without reproach, and the blow which they aimed at him has recoiled on his cowardly accusers, who, baffled in their attempt to take his life, tried to take his honor. By his eminently Christian conduct, Robert obtained, in 1556, from his new hosts the rights of citizenship. So it fell out that the persecutions which impoverished France enriched the stranger. Both Calvin and Theodore Beza honored the great printer with their friendship. He died September 7, 1559, whilst yet young; but his days had been well occupied.

Robert Stephen left many children, who sustained his name worthily. The most celebrated was Henri, who had accompanied

him when he had fled from the ungrateful country to whose grandeur he had contributed. Henri had the tastes of his illustrious father, and as the brothers Haag observe, "starting from a lower stage, he reached one even higher than he had." From his earliest years his desire to learn developed itself with such force that it became a passion; he spoke Greek like an Athenian, Latin like a native of Rome. Renowned masters, among the rest Turnebus, aided in the development of his fine talents; at seventeen years of age he ranked among the scholars of his time, at nineteen he visited the principal libraries of Europe, and placed himself in correspondence with all the celebrated men of that wonderful epoch. His travels extended over two years; after some years of repose he passed through La Manche and went to London. There he was graciously received by Edward VI, who, though still a child, was a child of rare promise. He returned to France, traveling by way of Brabant. When he again reached home his father was about to exile himself. Great as were the attractions of Paris life to the young scholar, he never hesitated for a moment; he loved his father, and followed him to Geneva. Accustomed to an easy and elegant life, the manners of that city seemed to him too strict, and his step-mother, whose character was somewhat harsh, did little to make his home agreeable. The passion for traveling once more awakened within him, and he left for Italy. He visited her libraries, and her museums, mingled with her men of letters; then he returned to Geneva, and married one of the daughters of his step-mother; "and for nine years," say his biographers, "he enjoyed all the pleasures of domestic life." Henri succeeded his father in business, took the oversight of his printing-press, and brought it to a high degree of perfection. Work was his element, he slept little; but ere long his powers failed, and an excessive languor followed the fever of labor which had consumed him. His friends feared that he would never regain his former activity, but at the moment when he appeared almost worn out he recovered his first strength; then, shortly

after, he again fell into the stupor, from which he only recovered to plunge into work once more. In two years' time we find that he had revised and published more than four thousand pages of Greek text, while at the same time he was writing his *Apologia pro Herodoto*, a work of formidable length and learning. His friends pitied his state, whilst they wondered at his powers.

Henri was a Protestant, but his heart was not Christian. His travels had stocked him with more knowledge than morality, his life was not the most exemplary, nor are all his writings such as a father would wish his son to read. What had passed muster in Paris became a crime at Geneva, where an ecclesiastical code was the law which forced the citizens to live like Christians. Henri Stephen was often reprimanded, and even forbidden (February, 1570) to attend the Lord's-supper. Life at Geneva became odious to him, and he went to Paris, where Henri III welcomed him very heartily, and admitted him to his friendship. The French ambassador interceded for him before the magistrates of Geneva, and our scholar was allowed to return to that city to superintend the direction of his press. The lessons which he had learned were lost on him, and he composed writings so immoral that they drew on him the public censure of the Consistory and Court of Council of the Two Hundred. He was even sentenced to be imprisoned. Henri III, who was not an example of morality himself, instructed his ambassador to interest himself with the Genevese magistrates, in order to get the printer set at liberty. Nor were his efforts in vain. The prisoner was set at liberty on promising not to print any thing that had not passed under the eye of an officer appointed for that purpose. But he did not keep his promise, and by his wrong conduct he condemned himself to a wandering disturbed life, which only too well suited his changeable and restless nature. His fortune which had once been considerable, was seriously diminished by his continual journeyings. Hardly had he reached one place, when weariness seized him, and he turned to another; which, again, shortly after he

abandoned. By turns exhausted, and full of energy, he still brought out works distinguished for their erudition. In 1590 he was at Basle; in 1592 he was professor of Greek at Lausanne; the year after found him at Heidelberg; in 1597 he reached Montpellier, of which he soon tired, and quitted it for Lyons, and there death put a stop to his wanderings. On arriving at this celebrated town he felt ill, and as he had no one to care for him, he had himself removed to the Hotel Dieu, where he died on the first day of March, at the age of seventy. He left no fortune to his widow and children, and it was necessary to sell his works by public auction for the benefit of his creditors. This famous printer wanted only a living piety to place him among the number of the illustrious men who laid such distinguished honor on French Protestantism. He paid the penalty for his levity, and transmitted it to his family, who inherited from him nothing but a great name, which they had not weight enough to bear with dignity.

The celebrated Casaubon was son-in-law to Henri Stephen; when he heard of his father-in-law's death, he wrote this in his Journal: "Estienne has died at Lyons, far from his house, like one who has no home, and he with such a vast establishment at Geneva; far from his wife, he who was blessed with one so chaste; far from his children, he who had four still alive. What a deplorable thing! and all the more deplorable since the deceased was not absent from home through necessity. What miserable beings we appear, my Stephen, when I think of thee, able to take rank among the first men in thy department, yet loving rather to be rejected than to be held in honor. Thou, who hast received such a grand legacy from thy father, thou hast better loved to waste than to keep it. Thou who wast so nobly endowed by the Divine Goodness, that there was no one to rival thee in thy acquaintance with literature, above all with Greek. Thy fate, my Stephen, was not so much thy fault as the result of the vices inherent to our nature, for it is only given to a small number to know their advantages, and to use them. Nevertheless,

O great man, hadst thou been firm, thou hadst treated thy family better; yet thou hadst made such attainments in literature that there are few who can justly be compared with thee—hardly any who can be preferred to thee. Without doubt, O great man, in good as well as evil, thou hast set a marked example. May heaven grant, that I and mine may imitate thy virtues, and thy indefatigable zeal for study. If there have been stains in thy character—above all, this, that thou hast preferred to live far from thy home rather than to be always there—may we be helped not to fall into like errors. I pray thee, O Eternal God, to watch over the surviving children, and over the Stephen family; grant that it may prosper and progress in all the virtues. Above all, O God, I commend to thee my wife: when she hears of her father's death, with what grief, what anguish shall she learn the news! O pitiful Father, who alone hast the power necessary, grant that we, and the dear children whom thou hast given to us, may remain in thy faith. Amen." These words of Casaubon's on Stephen express the verdict of posterity; vast though the services were which, as a man, he rendered to art, science, and literature, and even to religion itself, we can never forget the far greater service which we have to render to humanity—the example, namely, of a holy life.

The art of printing proved, as we have before said, of incalculable service to the Reformation, and foremost amongst those who followed in the steps of Gutenberg history reckons illustrious the name of those who did honor to these presses by popularizing the Holy Scriptures. Geneva, that little town, which contained scarcely twenty thousand people, possessed at the end of the sixteenth century twenty-two printers.

From their presses issued censelessly thousands upon thousands of impressions of the writings of the Reformation. Spreading rapidly all over Europe, these aimed a blow at the Papacy from which it never recovered.

These printers, for the most part, were distinguished scholars; and with them printing was not a trade or a profession, but a noble vocation, which they pursued as a matter

of conscience. Undoubtedly, some of them dishonored their presses by making them the disseminators of licentious books; but these were happily the exceptions, and not the rule.

Amongst those who felt their responsibility we must place in the first rank the advocate, Jean Crespin, a native of Arras. The celebrated juriconsult, Baudoin, had been his professor, and Theodore Beza had been the friend of his youth. With him he had fled from France, and taken refuge at Geneva, where he established a press which rose to a celebrity that can vie even with that of Henri Stephen. Crespin's life presents nothing that can excite our curiosity; his character is to be read in the books which he printed and those which he composed. Of these last the best known is his "History of the Martyrs." Honor to the advocate of Arras, who, after patient research, has revealed to us the pain, the sufferings, and the martyrdom of those of our fathers who refused to bear the Papal yoke! Honor to the man who dedicated his presses to Jesus Christ, and let them serve only in the propagation of the Holy Gospel! Crespin died, in 1572, of the plague. His family is now extinct; but the name of the pious printer will live as long as those of the Protestant martyrs whose memories we preserve.

In his fine Preface our wise and pious printer addresses himself to "the Church of our Lord, and to all his true children, spared among the people and nations." "If I had," he says to her, "to do with any earthly king or prince, I would employ my Preface to recommend what I was going to present to him. But with you, O happy spouse of the Lord, who have nursed those whose lives are offered to you in this volume, I have no need of any recommendation." In speaking of the martyrs whose lives he recounts he says: "It is not their bones, their hairs, their limbs, nor the rags and patches of their garments, that I wish to recommend to you, that you should form reliquaries, in imitation of the Romish Church; but I wish to show them to you speaking in their writings, and winning victories more magnificent than any which the

world decrees to her heroes. In these calamitous times, can any greater consolation be offered to you than the example of their constancy and fidelity?" The pious writer keeps his word. He is not dismayed by the extent of his undertaking, and in a folio volume of more than fourteen hundred double-columned pages he recounts to us, in terms simple and touching, yet often very energetic and original, the history of the martyrs of Pagan and Papal Rome. He proves that those who died under the Valois died for the same reason as those who were beheaded or burned under the Roman emperors. "Let these forgotten names," says

Crespin, "be brought out into the light again, and let us be proud of being descended from Louis de Berquin, from Catinat, from Jean Leclerc, when we know that these great Protestant martyrs died for the profession of the same faith as Irenæus, Polycarp, Blandinus, and many others whose names remain unknown to us."

The martyr roll was complete when Crespin finished his book, since he chronicles the immolation of the Protestants contemporary with him. But, alas! the Valois and Bourbons have made a continuation necessary. What scaffolds have been raised, what fagots fired, since the sad year 1572!

LI-ATTAH?

NOTE.—On the summit of Bald Top Mountain, in Virginia, the highest peak of the Alleghenies in that State, is one of the loveliest Summer retreats of this country. On its top is a very singular and beautiful lake, which has on its surface a remarkable echo. Near the lake is a most picturesque and imposing cascade, of about ninety feet. To one of the lovely retreats near this lake a visitor, an enthusiastic lover of nature and believer in its power to soothe, gave the beautiful Hebrew name *Li-Attah*, which means, Thou art mine. A friend answers him interrogatively, with what meaning the reader must determine for himself.

O MOUNTAIN flower, sweet and artless,
Thy smiles are passing fair,
And thou surely art not heartless,
Come, kiss away my care!
"Thou may'st share my smiles with others,
I keep them back from none;
But my kisses are another's,
And I live for him alone."
And the flower looked to the sun.

O brook, by the hemlocks flowing,
My heart is bare with grief,
Like the trees beside thee growing,
When stripped of flower and leaf.
Thou blithe, careless, sun-kissed burnie,
Murmur thy song to me.
"I am in haste on a journey
With word for my lord, the sea."
And the brook flashed on by me.

O lake, dark, night-like and peerless,
To sun, star, flower, and tree,
Thou answerest bright and fearless,
Listen, and answer me!

Hath my sorrow respite nor rest?
"I mimic the leaves' bright dyes,
The flowers, the sky, and the forest;
So I echo back thy cries."
And the lake outshone the skies.

O solemn and stern-browed mountain,
Far in thy shaded crest
Must hide some peace-giving fountain,
For my deep, sore unrest!
"O'er valley and hill I'm keeping
My watch by night and day;
While, like the mists o'er me creeping,
Men come, and men go away."
The mountain rose still and gray.

Thou star, so wondrously burning,
With lights from heaven's gates,—
Low down near the hill-top turning,—
Sure from the golden streets,
Thou bring'st some comforting message!
"Around night's fearful path
The awful stars in their passage
Are dumb—they are fires of death."
And they flamed in silent wrath.

THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

IN the mountains of Savoy, not far from the route leading direct from Briançon to Modena, is a solitary valley, whose every aspect inspires the traveler with a gentle melancholy. Three hills inclose it like an amphitheater, and one finds occasionally a shepherd's cabin. Many streams fall from the mountains, giving almost perpetual pasturage for flocks, while the clumps of trees that grow here and there render this otherwise lonely valley charmingly picturesque and beautiful.

In the early Spring of 17—, when nature was beginning to don her most beautiful attire, the Marquis de Fourose was returning from France into Italy with his wife. The axle-tree of their carriage suddenly broke, and as the day was rapidly declining, they were compelled to seek an asylum for the night in this valley. Approaching one of the cabins they perceived a flock of sheep taking the same route, led by a shepherdess whose whole appearance greatly astonished them. As they approached still nearer, they heard a voice of heavenly melody, whose plaintive, touching accents woke the echoes of the neighboring hills.

"How brilliant and beautiful is the sun as he sinks to rest at the close of day! So it is," said she, "with the end of a painful life. The tired soul seeks youth and joy in the pure fountain of immortality. But, alas! how long is the journey, and how wearily the days pass!"

Saying these words the shepherdess walked rapidly onwards with bowed head; but the negligence of her attitude seemed to increase rather than diminish her height, and her step was none the less noble and majestic. Struck with what they had seen, and still more with her voice and the words she had uttered, the Marquis and Marchioness of Fourose quickened their steps to overtake this beautiful shepherdess, whom they already so much admired. What was their surprise when, under the simplest attire, in the humble, coarse garments of a mountain

maiden, they found united every grace and every beauty of culture and refinement!

"My child," said the marchioness, seeing that she avoided them, "do not be afraid; we are only unfortunate travelers, compelled by an accident to seek refuge for the night in one of these cabins. Will you be so kind as to serve us as a guide?"

"I am very sorry, madame," said the beautiful shepherdess, blushing and lowering her eyes. "These cabins are inhabited by very poor people, and you will find miserable lodging I fear."

"You live here without doubt," replied the marchioness, "and we can bear for one night the inconvenience which you suffer daily."

"I am accustomed to that," said the shepherdess, with charming modesty.

"Certainly not," said Monsieur De Fourose, who could not conceal the emotion which her appearance caused him. "No, you are not made for suffering, and fortune is surely unjust. How is it possible that such charms should be wasted in this desert, in this shepherd guise?"

"Fortune, sir," replied Adelaide, for this was the name of the shepherdess, "fortune is not cruel, except when she takes from us that which she had once graciously bestowed. My condition has pleasures which no other can know, and which habit makes necessities for you, but of which the shepherd's life is ignorant."

"That may be," said the marquis, "for those who are born in this obscure condition; but you, who astonish and excite our admiration, you surely are not a native of this valley. Your air, walk, voice, language, all betray you. The first words that you spoke announced a cultivated mind and a noble soul. Away with this, and tell us what misfortune can have reduced you to this lowly state?"

"For a man in misfortune," replied Adelaide, "there are a thousand means of escape; for a woman, you well know, the only honest

resource is in servitude; and in choosing a master one does well, methinks, to prefer lowly, honest people. You shall see mine. You will be charmed with the innocence of their life, the candor, simplicity, and honesty of their manners."

While she was thus speaking they arrived at the cabin. She left them at the partition which separated the stable from the house, intent upon her evening work of sheltering the sheep, counting them with the most serious attention, and not attempting to occupy longer the attention of the strangers who regarded her with great admiration. An old man and an old woman, such as Philomen and Baucis are described, came forward to greet their guests with all the honesty and simplicity which recalls the golden age.

"We have nothing to offer you," said the good women, "except clean, fresh straw for a bed, some milk, some fruit, and rye bread; but the little that heaven has given us we will share with you with all our heart."

The travelers, upon entering the cabin, were surprised by the air of comfort and order which pervaded every thing. The table was of a single plank of walnut, well polished, and one could see his own reflection in the enameled earthen vessels intended for the milk. Every thing presented an image of smiling poverty and of the absolute necessities of nature agreeably satisfied.

"It is our dear daughter," said the good woman, "who takes care of the house. In the morning before her flock must be taken to their distant pasture, and while the morning dew is yet upon the grass, she washes, and prepares, every thing with a care and attention which makes us very happy."

"What!" said the marchioness, "is this beautiful shepherdess your daughter?"

"Ah, madame, thank Heaven," cried the old woman, "my heart may call her such, for I have for her the love of a mother; but I am not so happy as to have carried her in my bosom. We are not worthy of having borne her."

"Who is she, then? from whence does she come? and what misfortune has reduced her to the condition of a shepherdess?"

"All that is unknown to us. It is now four years since she came to us in the dress of a peasant, and offered to take care of our flock. We were only too glad to receive her under our roof, so much did her beautiful, honest face and gentle voice touch our hearts. We rather doubted if she were one of the village maidens, but our questions troubled her, and we thought it best and kindest to say nothing more. Our respect and love for her have constantly increased the longer we have known her. But the more we wish to humble ourselves before her, all the more humility does she show towards us. Never has a daughter given more constant attention to beloved parents or with more tender care. She can not *obey* us, for we take care not to give her a command; but it seems that she divines all our wishes, and before we can give expression to them she sees our every thought. She is an angel sent by heaven to console us in our old age."

"What are her actual duties as a shepherdess?" demanded the marchioness.

"She cares for the flock, giving to them a bed of fresh straw every night; she milks the goats, and it seems that this milk drawn by her hands becomes more delicate, and when I carry it to the village to sell I can not supply the demand—they find it so delicious. This dear child occupies herself whilst watching her flock in making beautiful things of straw and willow which every body admires. I wish you could see with what skill and grace she interlaces the flexible willow twigs. Every thing becomes precious and beautiful in her hands. You see, madame," continued the good woman, "you see here the true picture of a life of ease and tranquillity, and it is she who has procured it for us. This heavenly child is constantly occupied in making us happy."

"And is she happy herself?" asked Mons. de Fourrose.

"She tries to persuade us that she is," replied the old man; "but I have often said to my wife that when she returns from the valley in the evening her eyes are wet with tears, and her face is sad and troubled. As soon as she sees us she tries to smile and look cheerful, but we know that some secret

trouble is consuming her, and we dare not ask her what it is."

"Ah, madam," said the old woman, "you don't know how sad it makes me when this child obstinately insists upon leading the flock to pasture in spite of the rain and the frost. A hundred times have I gotten upon my knees to entreat her to allow me to take her place; but all my prayers are useless. She starts out at sunrise, and returns in the evening benumbed with cold. 'Think how I should suffer,' she will say to me with tenderness, 'if I allowed you to leave your comfortable fireside and be exposed at your age to the cold and rain of the season.' Meanwhile she brings in her arms wood to keep us warm, and when I complain of the fatigue which she must feel, 'Let me do this,' she will say, 'my good mother; it is by exercise that I keep from getting cold; work is made for one of my age.' In fine, madame, she is as good as she is beautiful, and my husband and I never speak of her but with tears in our eyes and blessings in our hearts."

"And if some one should take her away from you?" asked the marquis.

"We would lose," interrupted the old man, "all that we hold most dear in this world—but if she would be happier we would die content with that consolation."

"Alas, yes," replied the old woman, brushing away her tears; "if heaven should accord her a fortune worthy of her—would it were possible! My hope was that her dear hand would close my eyes at death—but I love her more than my life."

The appearance of the young girl interrupted their conversation. She carried in one hand a pail of milk and in the other a basket of fruit, and after saluting them with a charming grace, she set about the affairs of the household, as naturally as if no strangers were present.

"You are giving yourself too much trouble, my dear child," said the marchioness.

"I am only trying, madam," replied she, "to fulfill the wishes of my master and mistress, who, I am sure, desire to set before you the best they have. We can give you," added she, whilst unfolding a linen tablecloth, beautifully white, though coarse—"we

can give you but a frugal meal. This bread is not the whitest and finest, but it is sweet and well-flavored; these eggs are quite fresh; the milk is good, and these fruits, which I have just gathered, are such as the season affords."

The diligence, carefulness, the elevated grace and dignity with which this wonderful shepherdess discharged the demands of hospitality, the marked respect with which she treated the old people whenever she addressed them, or sought to read in their eyes what they might desire her to do, in fact, her every word and action, penetrated Mons. and Madame de Fourose with admiration and astonishment. When they had retired to their bed of fresh straw, which she had prepared for them, the travelers still thought of their wonderful adventure, and said to each other:

"We must clear up this mystery; we must carry this young girl, if possible, to our own home."

At a very early hour next morning the servants of the marquis came to inform them that their carriage had been repaired, and every thing was ready for their journey. Madame de Fourose, before setting out, called the shepherdess to her side, and said to her:

"Without wishing to penetrate the secret of your birth and the cause of your misfortune, all that I see, all that I hear, but increases my interest in you. I see that your courage has raised you above misfortune, and that you have made all your sentiments conform to your present condition. Indeed, your charms and your virtues render this condition respectable, but it is unworthy of you. I can give to you a better destiny, and the wishes of my husband accord perfectly with my own. We have, in Turin, a large estate and a comfortable home; I need a young friend, and I am sure of taking with me an inestimable treasure if you will only consent to be that friend. Put away from you all idea of servitude—I could not think of you in that condition—but if I am not much deceived I shall but place you again in the position to which your birth entitles you. I repeat again, it is only as a friend that

we would have you accompany us to our home. Finally, do not be troubled about these good people; there is nothing that I would not do to repay them for losing you. They shall certainly never be less comfortable than they are to-day, and from your hands shall they still receive every benefit necessary to their happiness."

The old people were present during this discourse, and kissing the hands of the marchioness, they fell upon their knees, entreated their lovely young companion to accept this generous offer, reminding her, whilst they naturally shed bitter tears at the idea of parting, that they were upon the borders of the grave, and that she would have but small consolation in adding to their happiness a little longer, and that at their death to be left entirely alone, this poor cabin would become to her a frightful solitude. The shepherdess embraced them tenderly. Mingling her tears with their own, she thanked Mons. and Madame de Fourrose for their goodness and kind intentions with a sensibility and grace that made her still more beautiful.

"I can not," said she, "accept your beneficence. Heaven has marked my destiny, and I shall willingly accomplish it; but your goodness is engraven upon my soul too deeply ever to be effaced. The honored name of 'Fourrose' will be ever present to my mind. There remains but one favor to ask of you," she continued, blushing and casting down her eyes, "which is, that you guard in perfect silence this adventure, and leave the world in ignorance of one who wishes to live and die in oblivion."

Mons. and Madame de Fourrose, touched and distressed by her decision, redoubled a thousandfold their entreaties. She was immovable, and the old people, the travelers, and shepherdess separated with tears in their eyes.

During their journey Mons. and Madame de Fourrose could think and talk of nothing but this adventure. They felt as if they must be dreaming, and their imagination still filled with a kind of romance, they arrived at Turin.

We may suppose it scarcely possible for them to be entirely silent, since the subject was exhaustless for reflection and conjecture.

The young son of the Marquis de Fourrose being present at their conversations lost none of the circumstances of the adventure. He was at that age when the imagination is most vivid and the heart most susceptible to impression; but he was one of those characters whose sensibility does not manifest itself in outward demonstration, however violently agitated; consequently any sentiment which affected him was not soon weakened or dissipated. All that Fourrose heard related of the charms, the virtues, and the misfortunes of the shepherdess of Savoy kindled in his soul the most ardent desire to see her. His imagination was constantly presenting to him a picture of this lovely being. He compared her with every one he saw, and all other impressions were quickly effaced by this new image now so indelibly impressed upon his heart and mind. But the more his impatience increased the more careful was he to conceal it. His life at Turin became irksome, even odious. The valley which concealed from the world the richest treasure, the most precious jewel completely attracted and absorbed his soul. It was there alone that happiness awaited him. But if his project should become known he could foresee the greatest obstacles. His parents would never consent to the journey that he meditated. They would consider it but the folly of a youth who was not able to apprehend all the consequences, the shepherdess would be frightened by his pursuit, and doubtless would elude his efforts to discover her hiding place. He might lose her altogether if his intention should become known. Wholly occupied with such reflections for several months, he finally resolved to abandon every thing for the lovely shepherdess—to go in the disguise of a shepherd, seek her in her solitude, and die there or bring her away with him.

He disappeared; his friends sought him in vain. His parents watched for him at first with uneasiness, their fear and anxiety augmenting each day. The failure of their efforts overwhelmed them with despair. A fatal quarrel, an assassination, all terrible things took possession of their imagination,

and these unfortunate parents ended by deploing the death of their son, their only hope.

Whilst the family thus mourned for him, young Fourose, in the dress of a peasant, presented himself to the inhabitants of the little hamlet nearest to the valley of which his parents had given him so perfect a description. His highest hopes were realized, they confided a flock of sheep to his care. For the first few days he allowed them to wander whither they would, being only attentive to discover where the shepherdess led her own.

"I must deal gently," said he, "with the timidity of this solitary beauty; if she is unhappy, her heart needs consolation; if she has only forsaken the world for a time, and the desire for a taste of a tranquil and innocent life holds her here, she doubtless has moments of *ennui*, and a wish for society which may amuse and console her—perchance she may seek mine. If I am so fortunate as to render myself agreeable, I will become necessary to her; then I may easily apprise her of the feeling and interest she has awakened in my soul. After all, we each will seem to be alone in the world, and thus may become every thing to each other. From confidence to friendship there is but little distance, and from friendship to love the path is easily and quickly followed."

And what was the age of Fourose when he reasoned thus?—only twenty years! But three months of reflection upon the same subject had rapidly developed his ideas and his manhood.

Whilst he thus gave vent to his thoughts his eyes wandered over hill and dale, and he suddenly detected in the distance that voice of whose beauty and pathos he had heard so much. The emotion which this caused was as strong and as lively as if she had appeared before him.

"Here alone," sang the shepherdess, as a plaintive chant, "it is here alone that my heart may feel the only happiness that remains to me in this world. Even my grief may bring delight to my soul, and I prefer its bitterness to the deceitful pleasures of joy." Her plaintive voice and ac-

cent wrung the susceptible heart of Fourose. "What can be the cause of such consuming sorrow? and how sweet would it be to console her!" A higher, dearer joy he yet hardly dared to anticipate.

Fearing to alarm the shepherdess by yielding to his impatient desire to see her, he quietly withdrew his flock—for this time it must suffice only to have heard her voice. The next day he led his flock to pasture, and after observing the route she had taken he placed himself at the foot of a rock where, the day before, he had noticed how faithfully echo repeated the touchingsounds of her voice.

I had almost forgotten to say, that Fourose, to the most perfect figure and face in the world, added those talents which are never neglected by the noble youth of Italy. He played upon the hautboy like Befuzzi, who had been his master, and who, at that time, entranced all Europe with his talent and his melodies. Adelaide, more than usually absorbed in her grief, had not yet awakened the echoes with her voice. Suddenly the silence was interrupted by the plaintive notes of the hautboy. These unfamiliar sounds excited in the soul of Adelaide a surprise mingled with fear. The keepers of flocks upon these hills had never attempted any thing beyond the notes of the rustic horn. For a moment she sat immovable, searching earnestly with her eyes the direction from whence came the new sweet sounds. Soon she perceived in the distance a young shepherd seated in the cleft of a rock, at the foot of which his flock quietly grazed. She approached nearer and nearer to hear more distinctly the music which had touched her heart. "See," said she, "what may be called an instinct of nature. The ear alone indicates to this poor shepherd boy the delicacy of artistic finish. Could any one produce truer or purer notes. What delicacy of inflection! What variety of shading! Can one say after this that taste and talent are not natural gifts?"

During the long years that Adelaide had inhabited this solitude this was the first time that her grief had been suspended by an agreeable distraction—the first time that

her soul had yielded to the sweet emotion of pleasure. Fourrose saw her as she approached, and seated herself under a willow tree in order to hear him; but he did not appear to have noticed her at all. He saw every movement she made, and finally when she retired as quietly as she had come, he quickly and surely measured the path taken by her flock so as to encounter her again on the side of the hill where their paths must cross. He only cast one glance upon her and continued his route as if entirely occupied with the care of his sheep. But what exquisite charms had this one glance discovered. What lovely eyes! a mouth so divine! features so noble and so touching in their pensive sadness, how truly ravishing if animated by love!

One could easily detect that grief had slightly touched in their early spring-time the roses of her lovely cheeks; but the charm that attracted most strongly was the elegance of her figure and the nobility of her carriage. In the grace of her movements one was reminded of a young cedar, whose straight and flexible stem yields gently to every passing zephyr. This image, which love instantly engraved upon his memory in lines of flame, took possession of his whole soul. "They have but faintly painted," said he, "this beauty, almost a stranger to earth, which truly merits adoration, and yet she inhabits a desert solitude—she who might see kings upon their knees before her is occupied with the care of a vile flock of sheep. Clothed in the richest apparel she would but embellish and add luster to the garments, and yet the humblest attire can not detract from her beauty. How strange a fate for so delicate a person—coarse food, an inhospitable climate, a bed of straw! O heavens! for whom are these roses blooming? I would draw her away from this condition so unworthy and so miserable."

Thus did he muse upon her charms until sleep interrupted his reflections, but did not efface the beautiful image. Adelaide, upon her part, sensibly attracted by the youth and beauty of Fourrose, was struck with admiration at the caprices of fortune. "Whence has nature," said she, "gathered so much talent

and such grace? But alas! these are but useless gifts and might prove only a misfortune in a more elevated condition. What evils has not beauty caused in the world. Unhappy one, too well do I know its fearful price." These desolate reflections embittered the pleasure which she had just tasted, and reproaching herself for even the slightest susceptibility, she resolved to avoid for the future all selfish gratification.

The next day Fourrose thought that she avoided his approach, which suspicion overwhelmed him with sadness. "Perhaps she has discovered my disguise," said he; "would she have me betray my position?" This inquietude occupied him so entirely through the day that his hautboy was neglected. Adelaide was near enough to watch and listen for the strains of his instrument. His silence astonished her. Soon she began to sing. "It seems," said the lovely songstress, "that every thing around partakes of my weariness; the birds are heard only in plaintive warblings, echo repeats my sad repinings, the zephyrs sigh amid the groves. The rippling brook imitates my despair, and seems to be only a flood of tears." Fourrose was so touched by her plaintive chant that he could not refrain from replying to it. Never was concert more beautiful than that of his hautboy with the voice of Adelaide.

"Oh, merciful heavens," said she, "is this enchantment? I dare not trust my senses. This can not be a simple shepherd. It must be a descended Apollo, whom I have heard. Could the uncultivated sense of harmony inspire such accord?" As she spoke thus a rural melody almost divine resounded through the valley. Adelaide thought she might realize all the wonderful effects which poetry attributes to her brilliant sister, music. Confused, amazed, she could not decide whether she should flee from or yield to the delightful enchantment. But almost immediately she saw the young shepherd collecting his flock and preparing to return to his cabin. "He is ignorant," said she, "of the charm which he spreads around him. His simple soul is not yet touched with vanity. He does not expect the praises I am so ready to bestow. Such is the power

of music. It is the only talent which rejoices in itself alone—all others wish for witnesses and testimony of excellence. This gift of heaven was granted to man in his innocence, it is the purest of all pleasures. Alas, it is the only one that I may yet taste, and I may think of this young shepherd as a new echo, coming in response to my grief."

The day following Fourose pretended, in his turn, to prefer keeping at a greater distance. Adelaide was distressed by it.

"Destiny," said she, "seems to deny me this small consolation; perhaps I was too easily allured, and so am punished by being deprived of this pleasure."

Finally they met one bright morning upon the brow of the hill.

"Shepherd," said she to him, "do you lead your flock very far from here?"

These first words of Adelaide produced so much emotion in Fourose as almost to deprive him of the power of speech.

"I do not," said he hesitatingly; "it is not I who lead my flock; my flock lead me wheresoever they will. They know these pastures better than I, and I leave them to choose the best for themselves."

"Whence comest thou then?" demanded the shepherdess.

"I first saw the light far beyond the Alps," replied Fourose.

"And wast thou born among shepherds?" she continued.

"Since I am a shepherd," said he, lowering his eyes, "it must follow that I was born to be such."

"That is just what I doubt," replied Adelaide, regarding him attentively. "Your talents, your language, your manner all announce that destiny intended you for a better place."

"You are very good," replied Fourose; "but can you believe that nature refuses every thing to the shepherd? Were you born to be a queen?"

Adelaide blushed deeply at this reply, and promptly changing her speech, she said:

"The other day you accompanied my simple song with your hautboy so skillfully as seemed to me marvelous in a simple keeper of flocks."

"The marvel was in your voice," said he.

"Has no one instructed you?"

"I had no other guide than my heart and my ear. You sang; I was touched. That which my heart felt my hautboy expressed. It was an inspiration of my soul—that is my whole secret—nothing in the world is easier to comprehend."

"It is incredible to me," said Adelaide."

"So said I in listening to you," replied Fourose; "but I was compelled to believe what I heard. Rather let us reason thus: Nature and love sometimes unite in producing, as in a play, a combination of all the most precious gifts with the humblest fortune, as if to show us that there is no state which may not be ennobled."

During this conversation they wandered almost unconsciously along the same pathway through the valley, and Fourose, animated by a ray of hope, made the air resound with the most brilliant notes which the scene and his own pleasure inspired.

"Thanks," said Adelaide, "but I pray you to spare my soul the painful remembrance of sentiments which I may no longer indulge. This solitude is consecrated to grief. These echoes are not accustomed to repeat the accents of worldly joy—here all things sigh in sympathy with me."

"I, too, have cause of grief," replied the young man. And these words, pronounced with a profound sigh, were followed by a long silence.

"You have cause of complaint," replied Adelaide; "is it of man or of destiny that you complain?"

"I do not know," said he; "but I am not happy. Ask me no more."

"Listen," said Adelaide. "Heaven has given to each of us a companion, as consolation in our troubles. Mine have well-nigh overwhelmed and broken my heart. Whoever you are, if you have known sorrow, you must also know how to be compassionate, and I can but feel that you are worthy of my confidence, but promise me that it shall be mutual."

"Alas!" said Fourose, "my misfortunes are such as would gain for me more condemnation than sympathy by revealing them."

This mystery only redoubled Adelaide's curiosity.

"Return to-morrow," said she to him, "to the foot of this little hill, under the old branching oak where you first heard my sorrowful chant. There I will tell you some things which will excite your tenderest pity."

Fourouze passed the night in troubled agitation. His destiny depended upon what he was about to hear. A thousand fancies excited him by turns. He apprehended above every thing else the despairing confidence of an unhappy but faithful attachment.

"If she loves," said he, "I am lost."

The next day he repaired to the place indicated. Adelaide was there before him. The sky was covered with clouds, and all nature seemed to have put on mourning-robes, as if to presage the sadness of their conversation. As soon as they were seated at the foot of the oak, Adelaide spoke thus:

"You see those stones which the grass is beginning to cover up; that is the tomb of the tenderest, noblest of men, whose life was the forfeit of my love and my imprudence. My real name is Françoise, and I belong to a rich and distinguished family, from which my misfortunes have forever separated me. The Count d'Orestan conceived for me the tenderest devotion. I was sensible of it, and returned it with equal warmth. My parents were opposed to our union, but my passionate devotion caused me to consent to a marriage ceremony, sacred and inviolable, but disowned by the laws of our country. Italy was then the theater of war. My husband started to join the corps of which he was the commander. I followed him to Briançon, and my foolish fondness retained him here two days in spite of himself. The young soldier, filled with the honor of his calling, prolonged his sojourn with extreme reluctance. He sacrificed his duty to me; but what had I not sacrificed for him? In a word, I exacted this of him, and he could not resist my tears. He left me with a presentiment which was frightful to me. I accompanied him to this valley, where I was to bid him farewell, and then return to Briançon, there to await news of his welfare. A few days

after there came the report of a battle. I doubted if D'Orestan had reached the battlefield. I wished it might be so for his own glory; but my love trembled at the thought, and I received from him a letter which, for the moment, gave me great joy. 'On such a day, at such an hour,' he said, 'I will be in the valley under the oak, where we last parted. I will be unattended. I conjure you to meet me there alone. I wish to see no one but yourself.' How blind was I! for I perceived in this summons only his impatience to see me again, and I was glad of this impatience. I came on the day appointed to this same oak. D'Orestan arrived, and after the tenderest greeting, he said to me:

"In compliance with your earnest desire, my dear Adelaide, I failed in my duty at the most important moment of my life. What I most feared has happened—a battle was fought, my regiment was engaged, they performed prodigies of valor, and I was not there. I am dishonored—lost without possibility of recovery. I do not reproach you with my misfortune, but I have only one more sacrifice to make to you, and I am now here to complete that sacrifice."

"At these words, pale, trembling, and scarcely able to breathe, I took my husband in my arms. I felt the blood turn to ice in my veins, my knees refused to support me, and I fell fainting to the ground. He profited by my unconsciousness to tear himself from my embrace, and very soon I was recalled to life by the sound of a pistol shot, which gave him instant death. I can not depict to you the pain and horror of that moment. It is inexpressible, and the tears which you see, the sobs which stifle my voice, give but a feeble image of the reality. After having passed an entire night beside his bleeding body in stupid grief, my first care was to bury with him our sad history. My own hands dug his grave. I do not wish to excite your compassion too painfully, but the moment when it became necessary to bury the sad remains of my husband out of my sight was a thousand times more frightful to me than will be that which separates my soul from my body. Exhausted

with grief and want of nourishment, my feeble hands were employed in digging this grave, and when my strength abandoned me I rested upon the icy bosom of my husband. At last I had rendered to him the final duties of sepulture, and my heart promised him to remain always in this spot, where death had reunited us. Meanwhile a cruel hunger was drying up the sources of strength. I felt that it would be a crime to refuse to sustain life, even though it were more grievous than death itself. I changed my apparel for the simple dress of a shepherdess, and embraced this mode of life as my only refuge. Since that time my only consolation has been in coming to weep over the grave which will some day be my own. You see," continued she, "with what sincerity I have opened to you my soul. I can henceforth, even in your presence, weep as heretofore. It will be a solace which I need. And now I wait from you the same confidence.

"Do not imagine I shall abuse it. I see clearly that the estate of a shepherd is equally strange, even newer to you than to myself. You are young, perhaps only too sensitive, and, if I mistake not, our misfortunes have had the same source, and, like myself, you have loved. We will have only the more compassion for each other. I look upon you as a friend whom Heaven, touched by my misfortunes, has been pleased to send into my solitary life.

"I pray you regard me as a friend capable of giving to you, if not salutary counsel, at least a consoling example."

"You have so affected and overwhelmed me," replied Fourrose, "that I am sure you are very far from being able to comprehend the impression made upon me by your misfortunes. Alas! how painful it is not to be able to respond with a confidence equal to your own, of which you are so worthy. But I foresaw; I told you that such is the nature of my own trouble that it is now all the more necessary that the seal of eternal silence should forever cover the secret of my heart. You are indeed very unhappy," added he, with a profound sigh. "I am not less so, and that is all I can tell you at pres-

ent. Do not be offended by my silence. It is terrible to be condemned to it. The assiduous companion of your every footstep, I will lighten all your labor; I will share your every grief; and, even in seeing you weep above this tomb, I shall mingle my tears with your own. You will not repent having laid your grief upon a heart, alas! only too sensitive."

"I do repent it from the present moment," said she, with confusion, and both with downcast eyes retired in silence.

Adelaide, as she left Fourrose, thought she discovered upon his face the impress of profound grief. "I have awakened," said she, "the most painful sentiments, and how dreadful must they be since he believes himself more unhappy than I!"

From this day frequent conversation, with the music of his hautboy, softened their grief, and gave a tinge of pleasure to their meetings day by day. They neither sought nor avoided each other; often a look of consternation or of pity was his only language when he found her weeping at the tomb of her husband, for his heart was naturally a prey to jealousy and grief as well as compassion, and he could only contemplate her in silence, replying to her stifled sobbing with the profoundest sighs.

Two months passed away in this painful condition, and Adelaide saw the youth of Fourrose withering like a flower. The sorrow which consumed him afflicted her the more because its cause was unknown. She was far from suspecting that she was the object of it. Meanwhile, as is natural where two strong sentiments affect the human heart, the one is weakened by the other; so the grief of Adelaide over the death of D'Orestan lost some of its poignancy each day in proportion as she yielded more and more to the compassion with which Fourrose had inspired her. She was quite sure that the object of her compassion was innocent and worthy. The idea of protecting herself against it did not once occur to her, and the object of this generous sentiment being constantly before her, the sentiment was rekindled each day.

An increasing langor, almost despair, had

fallen upon the young man to such a degree that Adelaide felt it was unsafe to leave him for any length of time alone.

"You will die," said she to him, "and add to my grief that of seeing you consumed with sorrow before my eyes without ability to assist you. If the recital of the misfortunes of my youth has not inspired you with contempt; if the purest and tenderest friendship is dear to you,—in fine, if you do not wish to make me more unhappy than I was before knowing you, I pray you confide to me the cause of your trouble. You have only me in all the world to aid you in bearing it. Were your secret still more important than my own, surely you can not fear to confide it to me. The death of my husband has placed an abyss between me and the world, and the confidence which I entreat will very soon be buried in this tomb, whither my grief is slowly but surely leading me."

"I hope to precede you," said Fourose, bursting into tears. "I pray you let me end my miserable existence without leaving to you the additional reproach of having shortened its course."

"Oh heavens, what do I hear!" she cried, in dismay. "Who, I! shall I have contributed to the sorrow which overwhelms you. Finish; you pierce me to the heart. What have I said? What have I done? Alas, I tremble. Have I been placed in the world only to bring misfortune and unhappiness wherever I am found? Speak, I conjure you; no longer conceal from me who you are. You have said too much to dissimulate further."

"Well, I am—I am—Fourose—the son of the travelers whom you so deeply impressed with admiration and respect. All that they related of your virtues and your charms filled me with a fatal desire to see you under disguise. I left my family desolate, believing me lost and weeping for me as dead. I have seen you. I have learned what attaches you to this place, and I know that my only hope is to die here adoring you. Spare me, therefore, useless advice and unjust reproach. My resolution is as firm, as immovable as your own. If, by betraying my

secret, you add trouble to the moments of a life nearly extinguished, you would do a wrong to one who has never injured or troubled you, even by speaking of that which grieves him unto death."

Adelaide, astonished and grieved endeavored to quiet the despair of the young man. "I shall render a service," said she, "to his good parents by recalling him to life, by restoring their only hope. Heaven mercifully accords to me this opportunity of recognizing their kindness." Thus, far from being frightened into an unnecessary severity, all that the tenderest pity, or the most consoling friendship could suggest was used to calm his overwrought emotion.

"Angel of heaven," cried Fourose, "I am sensible of all the repugnance you must have to one so unhappy as myself. Your heart is with him who reposes in this tomb, and I see that nothing can ever separate you from it. I see, too, how your noble, virtuous soul is taxing itself to conceal from me the depth of my own misfortune; but I am sensible of its fullest extent. I am overwhelmed, but I also forgive. Your duty may be never to love me—mine is to adore you always."

Impatient to execute the design which she had conceived, Adelaide quickly returned to the cabin.

"My father," said she to her aged master, "have you the strength to undertake a journey to Turin? I have need of a confidential messenger to convey to Mons. and Madame Fourose some very interesting and important intelligence."

The old man replied that his zeal to serve her would inspire him with courage to attempt any thing.

"Go, then," replied Adelaide; "you will find them mourning the death of their only son. Tell them that he still lives, and that he is in this valley. That I greatly desire to restore him to them, but that it is absolutely necessary that they come themselves to seek for him."

The old man soon set out. He arrived at Turin, and announced himself as "the old man of the valley of Savoy."

"Ah!" cried Madame de Fourose, "some

misfortune must have happened to our shepherdess."

"Perhaps," suggested the marquis, "he may come to announce to us that she consents to come and live with us."

"Since the death of our only son," said the marchioness, "that would be the greatest joy I could have in this world."

The old man was introduced; he prostrated himself before them. They took him by the hand, and welcomed him as a friend.

"You weep for your son," said he. "I have come to tell you that he lives, that our dear child has discovered him in the valley. She has sent me to tell you this good news; but she says it is you alone who can restore him to his old home."

While the old man spoke thus, surprise and joy deprived Madame de Fourose of consciousness. The marquis, dismayed, bewildered, endeavored to assist his wife, but was himself so overjoyed as scarcely to be able to recall her to life again. He embraced the old man, and soon the joyful news spread through their house that the lost was found, and that the dead lived again. The marchioness recovered her spirits.

"What can we do for you?" said she, grasping the hands of the old man, and holding them tightly within her own; "how can we show our gratitude for the kindness you have done us in restoring the joy of our life?"

All was quickly in readiness for their departure. They set out in company with the good man, and traveling night and day very soon reached the valley where great happiness awaited them. The shepherdess had led her flock to the pasture. The old woman volunteered to be their guide. They approached—what was their surprise and joy upon seeing their son once more, for their hearts recognized him even more quickly than their eyes in the strange and simple garb of a shepherd boy.

"Oh, cruel child," cried his mother, throwing herself into his arms, "what sorrow have you not given us? Why did you tear yourself from us, and why did you come to this place?"

"To adore," said he, "that which you taught me to admire."

"Pardon, madam," said Adelaide, whilst Fourose embraced the knees of his father, who raised and embraced him with the utmost tenderness, "pardon him for having left you so long a time in grief. Had I known it sooner you should have been sooner consoled."

After the first natural emotion of joy in being restored to the presence of his parents, Fourose was again plunged into the most profound affliction.

"Let us go," said the marquis, "to the shepherd's cabin, and seek repose and forgetfulness of all the sorrow which this youthful folly has caused us."

"Yes sir, I have certainly been guilty of extreme folly. It was certainly nothing less than unsettled reason that could suspend the natural promptings of a son's heart and make me forget my most sacred duties and separate me from all that I held most dear; but this folly, to which your own enthusiasm gave birth, has been only too severely punished. I love without hope of reaching the object of my heart's desire. You have seen nothing. You know nothing of this incomparable woman. She is the honestest, the most sensible, and the purest of her sex. I love her even to idolatry. I can not be happy without her, and yet I know she can never be mine."

"Has she confided to you," demanded the marquis, "the secret of her birth?"

"I have learned enough to feel assured that it is not inferior to my own. She has renounced a considerable fortune to bury herself in this desert."

"And you know what has induced her to do this?"

"Yes, my father; but this is a secret which she alone can reveal to you."

"She is married, perhaps?"

"She is a widow, but her heart is not free, nor are the ties which bind her less strong than to a living husband."

"My daughter," said the marquis, immediately upon entering the cabin, "you see that you have turned the heads of the whole family of Fourose. The extravagant passion

of this young man could not be justified except by an object of such marvelous worth as yourself. The strong and earnest wish of my wife is to have you near her as companion and friend. This child does not desire to live unless he can obtain you for his wife. I desire no less than that you should become our daughter. See how much unhappiness you will make by refusing."

"Ah, sir," said she, "your goodness overwhelms me; but listen, and judge for yourself."

Then, in the presence of the old man and the old woman, Adelaide told them the story of her sad heart adventure and its tragic end. She added the name of her family, which was not unknown to Marquis de Fourrose, and ended by demanding if she was not under obligation to remain true to her husband. At these words consternation spread itself over every countenance. Young Fourrose, with a feeling of despair, gave expression to deepest grief. The tender father attempted in vain to console him.

"See," said he, "my dear Adelaide, into what a state of wretchedness you have thrown this youth."

Madame de Fourrose, who was near Adelaide, folded her lovingly in her arms, and in the midst of her tears she said, "My dear child, will you cause us to weep a second for time the loss of our only son?"

The old man and old woman, whose streaming eyes were fixed upon Adelaide, waited patiently to hear her reply.

"Heaven is my witness," said Adelaide, rising, "that I would give my life in recognition of all this kindness. It is but the overwhelming climax to my misfortune that I must ever reproach myself with being the cause of grief to such friends; but Fourrose himself shall be my judge. Allow me to talk with him alone for a while."

Then retiring with him she said, "Fourrose, listen to me. You know what sacred ties bind me to this place. If I could cease to cherish and weep for a husband who loved me only too well, I should be the most despicable of women. Esteem, friendship, gratitude are sentiments which I owe to you; but all these can not take the place of love.

The stronger your love for me the more right have you to demand love in return, and the impossibility of fulfilling this duty prevents my accepting it. Meanwhile I see you in a condition that would touch a heart even less insensible than my own. It is frightful to know that I am the cause of it. It is still more frightful to hear your parents accuse me of the possible death of their son. I wish, then, to forget myself at this moment, and, as far as possible, to make you the arbiter of our destiny. It is for you to choose which of these alternatives seems the less painful. Renounce me, conquer yourself, and forget this unhappy attachment, or possess a wife whose heart, filled with another object, could give to you sentiments too weak to satisfy the ardent wishes of a lover."

"That is enough," cried Fourrose. "From a soul such as yours friendship may take the place of love. I will, without doubt, be jealous of the tears which you shed for the memory of another husband; but the cause of this jealousy, as it renders you more worthy in my eyes, will also make you dearer to my heart."

"She is mine," said he, returning to his parents and throwing himself into their arms; "and it is to her respect for you and to your kindness that I owe this inestimable gift, and thus have you given me life a second time."

From this moment their arms were a chain from which Adelaide could not disengage herself.

And had she yielded only through pity, through gratitude? I would believe it that I might admire her the more. Certainly Adelaide thought it was true.

However this may be, before setting out upon their journey she re-visited the tomb which she could not leave without the deepest grief.

"Oh, my dear D'Orestan," said she, "if from the grave itself thou couldst read the bottom of my heart thy spirit would not murmur at the sacrifice which I have made. I owe it to the generous sentiments of this worthy family, but my heart will remain with thee forever. I shall endeavor to make

them happy without the hope of being happy myself."

She tore herself away from this place with pain and grief. She demanded that they raise a monument to the memory of her husband, and that the cabin of her old master, who followed them to Turin, should be changed into a country house as simple and yet beautiful as its solitary surroundings

would suggest, where she proposed to come sometimes and weep over the errors and misfortunes of her youth.

Time, the assiduous care of Fourrose, the joyous fruits of her second marriage, have since opened her soul to new impressions of tenderness, and she is often pointed to as an example of interesting and beautiful womanhood.

POETRY—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

IT is remarkable to what extent, especially in the domains of art, the traditions and fancies of the past still live and exercise their dominating influences, even in our own convulsive times and in spite of the movements of the vaunted spirit of progress. The toys of the infant world are the cherished treasures of its growing age, which clings to its baubles, half in doubt whether to cast them away or to worship them. The Greek poetry has exercised the most thoroughly repressive tyranny over the whole realm of modern song. The Greeks also expressed their worship of the beautiful in forms of marble, and the whole world of art has gone on ever since carving Venuses and Apollos, Centaurs and Satyrs. Centuries afterwards Raphael succeeded Apelles and painted a Madonna, and for generations and centuries all Europe was busy painting Madonnas. A neglected basket of fruits, overrun with vines, suggested to the fertile mind of a Greek architect the Corinthian capital, and ever since that capital has stood as the highest expression of architectural beauty. The one exception to the monopoly of the Greek, in matters of art, is the Gothic architecture. The Northmen, with whom the groves were nature's temples, saw in the springing and crossing boughs of the grand old oaks and elms models for the roof-trees of their earliest built temples, and evolved, by slow degrees, from that pattern the idea of an arch rising heavenward, in contrast with the fine based Doric column and horizon cornice of the early Grecian architecture.

So, too, in the realms of poetry, the whole

world is still held in the leading strings of its ancient Grecian masters. Homer wrote or sang in rhythmical ballads the legends of his people, and these ballads afterward collected in a mass or body were called an Epic; and ever since, the *Iliad* has been the model for all heroic poetry, leading after it a numerous train of *Æneids* and *Lusiads*, and *Henriades*, saying nothing of *Dunciads*, and *Columbiads*, extending over the whole period from Virgil to Voltaire. The greatest Christian epic of modern times still owns the Grecian authority as to the form of its creation, and even in its matter it mingles its substance of Biblical truth with the monkish legends of the Middle Ages, and the whole is garnished with a deep coloring of the old classical mythology. And as Milton scarce dared to bring the whole body of his celestial warriors down to earth, he essayed the next best thing, by carrying his war into heaven. He was, no doubt, as a man and a poet, vastly the superior of his mighty prototype; but still, he was not able to free himself from the toils of the old traditions, and with all his superiority, like his own blinded hero, in the mill of Gaza, he bowed his greatness to the will of an inferior.

In dramatic poetry the dominating power of the Greek mind has been even more effectively and injuriously felt. *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* were the incomparable masters of tragedy, who seem to have effected in their own fields all that was possible to be done; and since their day tragic poetry has been little else than imitations of

their creations, and because the tragedy must be great, or else contemptible, the later attempts in that line have usually been only conspicuous failures. The Roman poets attempted something in the same line; but failed miserably, because the Roman mind, especially at and after the culmination of Rome's glory, was insufficient either to create or appreciate such works of art. And after Europe's nightmare sleep of a thousand years came the *Renaissance*, which was not an awakening of the young giant to run a new race, but to return to the old masters and tutors of the Grecian schools. Imitations and not invention became the law of genius, and works of art were judged, not according to their intrinsic worth, but according to their conformity or otherwise to their antique models.

The governing element in the Greek tragedy is Fate; its action is that of a human being struggling against destiny. To this we have no parallel in all the range of literature, though something of the kind is occasionally attempted in modern novels; and also something quite as well adapted to rouse the spirit of man may be found in Hebrew story. It was in dealing with these that Racine and Alfieri achieved the greatest successes. The God of modern theology is a much higher conception than the Grecian Zeus, and the far-reaching designs and effective operations of the divine providence afford the best possible materials for the production of the grandest dramatical effects. Not a few of the historical scenes and characters of the Old Testament are also eminently adapted for tragical effect, as the stories of Jephthah and Samson and Rizpah and Saul and Jezebel. The one pervading thought of the Old Testament prophecies and the New Testament history, the scenes opened with such overwhelming splendor of sorrow in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, or seen in a subjective form in the fifty-first Psalm, or displayed in inimitable actions and sufferings in Gethsemane and Calvary, show us the very essence and soul of tragedy. But these things stand alone and may not be repeated,—the holy of holies, into which none but the sanctified may enter, and they only

to worship. Possibly the transcendent glory of this incomparable transaction, which now stands out before the whole world, has not been without its influence to pale all lesser lights, and to minify all other forms of tragic grandeur. Were it possible that the closing scenes of the life of Jesus of Nazareth could be contemplated simply in their æsthetic aspects, still they would wholly transcend whatever else human history has recorded or earthly poetry sung.

Rousseau's oft-quoted words, "If the death of Socrates was that of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God," only recognizes the essential greatness of these things without attempting to portray them; and Napoleon's declaration that the history of no one of the heroes of ancient or modern times could be compared with the life and death of Christ,—that the greatness of the theme is simply crushing,—indicates a greatness at once sublime and tender, and a death at once the most tragic and the most glorious; and because of the transcendent character of these things, they rise quite above the highest flights of human utterances.

Long before the birth of Greek poetry, and among another people, the gift of song had been cherished and wrought into enduring forms. Hebrew poetry is older than the Greek, and specifically different, and yet not inferior. And as the Hebrews were a prophetic nation, having the great object of their religious aspirations in the future, their poetry became characteristically prophetic. Perhaps it may be said there is a kind of natural kinship between prophecy and poetry, and for that cause common titles have been given to poets and prophets. And if prophecy is specifically foresight, poetry is, in its essence, insight; and both imply the divine gift of seeing, and both operate on the human side through the imagination. It is of this faculty that Ruskin remarks, that, "while it is pre-eminently a beholder of things as they *are*, it is, in its creative function, an eminent creator of things when and where they are *not*; a seer, that is, in the prophetic sense, calling 'the things that are not as though they were.'" Inspira-

tion is the term used to designate both the poetic and the prophetic gift, though the bestowment is not in each case after the same manner. But whether moved by the divine afflatus or the poetic flame, both the prophet and the poet have to contend with the same difficulty arising from the poverty of human language. Hence the expressions of the prophets are often clothed in the highest poetical imagery. In all inspired utterances ordinary forms of speech are insufficient to embody the ideas that arise in the mind of the seer, making it necessary for him to resort to the use of metaphors; and especially is this so in cases of prophetic inspiration where thoughts the grandest and most awful are struggling for expression. To this we owe the abrupt and highly figurative character of many parts of the prophetic writings. It is only when, in something more than literally, like Isaiah's, their lips have been touched with coals from God's altar, that the prophets embody in words the wonderful things seen by them. Isaiah's prophecy abounds in poetical language, though his forms of expression are less abrupt and violent than are those of some of the other prophets, and he was not more distinctly the prince among the seers than the poet also. Especially are his Messianic prophecies poetical in their character, as best befitting the grandeur of their theme. The views opened to him of the greatness and the glory of the person and the kingdom of the Messiah, the long-delayed Hope of Israel, could not fail to raise his spirit out of the low level of ordinary prosaic thinking and speaking. In such a case even the slowest intellect and the dullest imagination becomes poetical, and ordinary language is inadequate to the task of expressing the greatness and the glory of the vision.

The return of the "golden age" has been the inspiring hope and the dream of bliss of the poets and prophets of all ages and nations. They all look back with fond pleasure mingled with regret toward a primitive age of simple innocence and unalloyed happiness, now gone and but faintly remembered, but turn again to look forward for its restoration, when men shall again dwell to-

gether in an undivided brotherhood of peace and righteousness. This hope seems, in some form, to prevail universally, because all men have their sorrows and their felt wants, and this hope of the better time coming is indestructible in the soul, and is itself a prophecy of its own fulfillment. In the Bible the history of the race opens with the picture of a sinless and blessed paradise; but only to tell of that paradise as lost. But all through the long and dreary records of sin and sorrow, of disobedience and death, hope never loses sight of the anticipated restoration, and the ever-widening and brightening light of revelation at length culminates in the vision of paradise regained.

But in the realm of lyrical poetry the moderns have, to a much larger extent, freed themselves from the domination of the old classical models, and here it is seen that in its freedom the spirit of poetry is still capable of high achievements. Both the elegiac and the lyrical poetry of modern times have attained to a stage of excellence quite beyond any thing reached by the Greeks. In this the poets of later times show that they have an individuality of character and purpose that belongs to a different time and clime and religion from those of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Especially does the poetry of the Church take on a deeper tone and rise to a sublimer height. Its battle-fields are no longer on the plains of Troy, but in the hearts of men; and its battles are not with "confused noise and garments rolled in blood," but with the burning and transforming power of the Divine Spirit. To the Christian muse heaven is nearer to the earth than the heights of Olympus, and the ladder that Jacob saw in his vision at Padan-aram forms a more ready access from one to the other than did the sides of the mountain, or even the arch of the rainbow. Men have learned to detect a higher form of virtue than simply physical courage, a deeper beauty than can abide in outward forms, a purer love than merely human passion, and a holier sacrifice than any which fear may offer. They have learned the important truth that the best things in the world are not of the world.

The hymnology of the modern Church freed from the mass of inanity that aspires to its name, very effectually and adequately embodies in lyrical forms the impassioned yearnings of the heart towards a higher and holier life, voicing the aspiration of the soul as it breathes, rather than speaks,

"Nearer, my God, to thee,"

and in complete self-renunciation cries out,

"Just as I am, without one plea,"

based upon one's self. It is the cry of the Christian age.

But, outside of our devotional poetry, these later times have a kind of nature-worship, of which the ancients knew nothing. In the works of not a few of our poets, whether in their tenderest or sublimest moods, there appears an almost passionate worship of natural objects, with very few intimations of any thing above or beyond nature. They present to us the outward world in all her varied forms and aspects, and nothing more. The Greeks saw deeper, and spiritualized her multitudinous aspects and forces. Failing through their ignorance of God to detect the divine lineaments depicted upon the works of nature, they peopled the whole realm of nature with living but invisible things, the creatures of their own imaginations. These, they heard in every breeze, saw them dancing upon the waves of the sea or lakes, or listened to them as they whispered among the trees. But to the literal unspirituality of our modern poets these are only winds and waves and woods. Our latest school of poets have, indeed, very largely and effectively cultivated the poetical spirit in nature, and have every-where found something to admire and love; but in their devotion to hills and valleys, rocks and streams, trees and flowers, they have often seemed to forget the nobler creatures for whom all these things are made. Only when the aspects of nature are used to interpret the varying moods and exercises of the soul are they worthy to be the poet's theme. In many cases the busy haunts of men and the city's crowded thoroughfares afford to the genuine poet his best fields for study and for inspiration, for many an

apparently commonplace life is a tragedy, and in every day's affairs are poems of all varieties. Nature is, indeed, the poet's quiet walk, in which to refresh himself after labor, and from which to gather the ornaments that shall adorn his sterner and more solid work.

The Greeks, beyond all other nations, were worshipers of themselves, of the ideal man, who was not a barbarian but a Greek, of which ideal each one readily persuaded himself that he was the most nearly perfect realization. They were worshipers of beauty, of which they found the best type in the human figure. After this form they fashioned their divinities, whom they also endowed with the ordinary attributes and passions of human nature. With them nature was God. The higher revelations of Christianity in dispelling the superstitions of paganism filled the vacated place with the sublime truths of the Gospel, while faith opened to the soul's perceptions greater and more glorious visions than the most fertile imagination could invent; but in the absence of faith the world, depopulated of the children of superstition, becomes a solitary waste. Compared with the godlessness of a large share of modern poetry, that of the ancients had decidedly the advantage, for their religion and their literature were in harmony. The personages of their mythology had for them a real significance, with the multitude as real persons, and with the cultivated as beautiful ideals or instructive symbols. The Olympus where they dwelt was not so far removed but that some interest was still felt in human affairs, and occasional visits were made by the celestials to the earth; and out of these were often gathered the materials for their songs. And so convenient was this kind of machinery for poetical action found to be, that for a long time after the revival of the study of the classics in Europe, and until within the present century, English poetry was often much more mythological than Christian. But the day for that kind of affectation is past, and the poetry of the future must be Christian. With the positivists and scientists, *par excellence*, poetry is as impossible as is religion.

No doubt under the forms of both their art and their poetry the ancients conceived both a theological and a religious idea. But with them, as with all others whose religious systems are evolved from their own spiritual intuitions, it was impossible to rise above the merely human ideal. Their Jupiter, which they outwardly worshiped under the form of a marble statue of a human body, and of which they spoke as the mighty Thunderer upon Olympus, was to their deeper religious sense but the symbol of that great *Unknown*, whom they really though ignorantly and imperfectly worshiped. The

marble statue of Pallas-Minerva, upon whose knees the women of Greece were accustomed to lay their costly gifts, was no doubt to the conceptions of the more gifted the symbol of that wisdom which rules in human affairs. The plane of our thinking has very much to do with our conceptions respecting the divinity that rules the world, and, on the other hand, these conceptions are the most powerful agencies in lifting our thoughts into a higher plane. And the broader and deeper the range of the thoughts may become, the more completely do they take upon themselves the character and the form of poetry.

LORENZO DOW.

LORENZO DOW, "eccentric cosmopolite," independent and irregular Methodist preacher, was born in Coventry, Tolland County, Connecticut, October 16, 1777. He was the fifth child of his parents. His pedigree is thus given by his own hand. "M. Dow, of Norfolk, England, turned his thoughts to the wilderness of America; his son T. came over, and his son William Dow, the grandson, was buried at Ipswich; he had four sons," of whom one, "Ephraim, settled in Coventry, on lands bought of the Indian sachem, Joshua. Ephraim married the daughter of Humphrey Clarke, of Ipswich, and from whom my father was named, and lies deposited by the side of my mother in my native place. She was the daughter of James Parker, the son of Joseph Parker, whose parents came from England and were murdered by the Indians."

All this is not more foggy than the legend that the Parkers were descendants of "Lord Parker, of Macclesfield, England," who is said to have derived his origin from "a natural child of Charles II, who is said to have descended from William the Conqueror, whose parents were 'no better than they ought to have been.'"

For ancestry Dow cared little. "Whether my COAT OF ARMS be a 'star,' a 'basket,' or a 'broom,' hereditary from my forefathers,

what is that to me? If I *inherit* their vices, I am none the better for *that*, nor any the worse if I imitate their virtues."

His scholastic education was such as the common schools of the day afforded. His parents "were very tender toward their children, and endeavored to educate them well both in religion and common learning." Lorenzo's temperament was of a religious cast, inquisitive, musing, susceptible, emotional. Sudden and severe illness, at twelve years of age, made him morbid, imaginative, dreamy. In this condition a singular night dream induced conviction of sin and unpreparedness for death. He wept, sought salvation, and began to pray in secret. He also broke off from old companions and evil practices, "and betook himself to the Bible, kneeling in private." "Soon I became like a speckled bird among the birds of the forest in the eyes of my friends."

"Cords of sweet love" occasionally drew him on, but he had no one to guide him into the way of peace. He deemed himself reprobate, despaired of mercy, and determined to know the worst of his case. Accordingly he loaded a gun "and withdrew to a wilderness;" but just as he was about to execute his purpose, "a sudden, solemn thought" suggested postponement, and gave him a gleam of hope.

About that time there was much talk of the people called Methodists. They were every-where spoken against. One daring, adventurous man invited Hope Hull to preach in Coventry. Lorenzo "went to the door and looked in to see a Methodist. To his surprise, he appeared like other men." The preacher spoke with power, and the youthful wonderer trembled under the Word. For days he was in the deepest distress. One night, after pleading with God for mercy, "as a man would plead for his life," he fell into a slumber, and dreamed that he was seized by two devils, of whom he said, "the stronger one set out to drag me down to hell. And when I got within sight of hell, to see the blue blazes ascending, and to hear the screeches and groans of devils and damned spirits, what a shock it gave me I can not describe." He woke up and found it was only a dream. Hope again arose in his breast. He cried, "Lord, I give up; I submit; I yield, I yield; if there be mercy in heaven for me, let me know it. Then the words were applied to his mind with great power, 'Son! thy sins which are many are forgiven thee; thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.'" The burden of sin fell from his conscience; fear vanished, and his "soul flowed out in love to God, to his ways and to his people; yea, and to *all* mankind." "I spent," he says, "the greatest part of the day in going from house to house, through the neighborhood, to tell the people what God had done for me. I wanted to publish it to the ends of the earth, and then take wings and fly away to rest."

His conversion was clear, marked, and powerful. Immediately following was the resistless impulse to declare how great things the Lord had done for him. His call to the ministry was well-nigh co-etaneous with conversion. His first step in relation to the visible Church was marked by the individuality and self-reliance which afterward so strikingly distinguished him. "Having been sprinkled in my infancy, and now feeling not satisfied I had the ceremony re-performed, as a declaration to mankind of my dedicating myself to God; and the same evening, I with twelve others, united our-

selves in a society, to watch over one another in love."

Soon afterward, while kneeling before God in a solitary place, the words of the Savior's commission to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," were impressed upon his mind. He "instantly spoke out, 'Lord, I am a child; I can not go, I can not preach.'" But these words followed, "Arise and go; for I have sent you." He replied, "Send by whom thou wilt send, only not by me; for I am an ignorant, illiterate youth; not qualified for the important task;" but was silenced by the answer, "What God hath cleansed that call not thou common." Still he hesitated and questioned, and then the "Savior withdrew from him the light of his countenance." Months passed, wasting illness was endured, health was regained, but no recognition of his call to the work of the ministry was received from the Church. Uncertainty still rested upon his mind, but certainty was at hand. "One Sunday afternoon," he writes, "whilst engaged in prayer in the wilderness, in an uncommon manner the light of God's countenance shined forth into my soul, so that I was as fully convinced that I was called to preach, as ever I was that God had pardoned my sins."

On Sunday, October 5, 1793, for the first time he "attempted to open his mouth in public vocal prayer in the society." In November he spoke a few words of exhortation in public; for which his parents gave him tender reproof—fearing lest he should run too fast. When he confided to them his convictions of duty, they opposed him, and hinted that they would neither give consent nor assistance. But visions and voices of the night urged him to persevere. At length, on the 7th of January, 1796, he received orders from C. Spry, the circuit preacher, to go to Tolland, and there to make proof of his gifts.

Neither Spry nor L. M'Coombs, then on the New London Circuit, who, as Lorenzo mildly puts it, "constrained me to part with him," had special faith in his call to preach. N. Snethen, whom he rode forty miles to see, discouraged him. In fact, he used great



LORENZO DOW.

plainness of speech, saying: "You are but eighteen years of age. You are too important, and you must be more humble, and hear and not be heard so much. Keep your own station. . . . Learn some easy trade, and be still two or three years yet. . . . It is my opinion that you will not be received at the next conference."

Again Lorenzo dreamed, and saw John Wesley, who said to him, "God has called you to preach the Gospel. . . . Woe unto you if you preach not the Gospel." By the 3d of July, 1797, he had preached the Gospel on Warren Circuit, Rhode Island, for three months, with such questionable acceptability that the preachers, John Vanneman and Thomas Coope, seconded by Jesse Lee, the presiding elder, dismissed him with orders to go home and wait for a further recommendation.

At the following conference, held in Thompson, Connecticut, he was denied ad-

mission as a probationer, and again sent home. Philip Wager next employed him as assistant on the Orange Circuit, where he acted so irregularly that Jesse Lee forbade Wager to employ him any more. The fact was, Lorenzo was utterly impracticable—an angular peg, that would fit no aperture—an eccentric wheel, that could find no place in any ecclesiastical machinery.

He returned home to his parents "after an absence of eight months, having traveled more than four thousand miles, through heat in the valleys, the scorching sun beating down, and through cold upon the mountains, the frost nipping me, so that I lost the skin from my nose, hands, and feet, and from my ears it peeled three times; preaching from ten to fifteen times a week; and oftentimes no stranger to hunger and thirst in these new countries."

He had warm friends as well as strong opponents among the members of conference,

and this encouraged the erratic novice to continue his work. Marked success began to crown his efforts. Near Fort Edward, New York, a powerful revival of religion occurred under the labors of himself and colleague, T. Dewey. "A young man by the name of Gideon Draper, said: 'If I can stand the crazy man, I will venture all the Methodist preachers to convert me.'" When Dow heard of that saying, faith sprang up in his soul. He talked with Draper, who replied, "I am too young;" but "God brought him down, and he is now an itinerant preacher."*

In Danby, New York, he was taken ill of what seems to have been malarial fever, and caused himself to be placed on a bier, with coverlet sewn upon it, and to be carried several miles to a rich Methodist's house, where he expected to be kindly cared for. He was much disappointed, however, and despaired of life. The report of his death reached his parents, and was so generally credited that the preachers ventured to preach his funeral sermon in several places.

He recovered in time to attend conference in the Fall of 1798, was admitted on trial, and recorded in his journal, "My name was now printed in the minutes, and I received a written license from Francis Asbury. Then said S. Hutchinson to J. Lee, 'this is the crazy man you have been striving to kill so much.'"

Sober, conventional people will not judge Jesse Lee harshly for pronouncing Lorenzo Dow a crazy man. He certainly was odd and eccentric, with somewhat of madness in his methods, and with much of method in his madness. He realized the invisible; he walked as if seeing the spiritual world, and yet he exemplified the shrewdness and tact of the ideal Yankee.

On the Cambridge Circuit, New York, he resolved "to get a revival or else to get the

circuit broke up." So he visited every house in Pittstown, prayed with, and exhorted the inmates. "Some said I was *crazy*; others that I was possessed of the devil; some said one thing, and some thought another; many it brought out to hear the strange man, and would go away cursing and swearing, saying I was *saucy*, and deserved knocking down. Many were offended at my *plainness*, both of *dress*, *expressions*, and way of *address* in conversation about heart religion; so that the country seemed to be in an uproar; scarcely one to take my cause, and I was mostly known by the name of *Crazy Dow*."

What his personal appearance at this epoch was may be learned from an engraving by H. S. Ladd, which is prefixed to his collected writings. It is the portrait of a youthful man, of feminine features, beardless chin, and long flowing hair. A suspicion of insanity is created by the quiet but intense stare of his eyes. In later life, he was pale, sallow, of consumptive appearance, and wore a patriarchal beard. The long hair, he declared, was used as a veil to protect his face at night from mosquitoes, when in the South.

His attire was of the plainest, and his single-breasted coat was often worn threadbare. When stationed in Rhinebeck, under Freeborn Garrettson, in 1801, he wore a grass-green coat, and over that a great coat, made of undyed wool, that came down to his heels. On one occasion he entered the pulpit with two hats on his head.

His conversation was in correspondence with his carriage. At Poultney, Vermont, he said to a young woman who gave him cool answers when questioned about her soul, "I'll pray to God to send a fit of sickness upon you, if nothing else will do, to bring you to good; and if you won't repent then, to take you out of the way so that you shall not hinder others." In Dublin, Ireland, when there a few years later, he sent a printed public warning, framed and directed in gilt letters, "sealed in black wax and paper," to the lord lieutenant. Two others, framed in black, and directed in gold letters, one for the merchants and the other for the lawyers, were left by him—the first in the Royal

* Three-quarters of a century have passed away since then. Gideon Draper having made an excellent record as a Methodist traveling preacher of more than half a century, died only a few years since. A son of his, bearing the same name, is now a well-known member of the New York Conference, and his grandson has been accepted as a Methodist missionary to Japan.

Exchange and the second in the Hall of the Four Courts.

Evidently he enjoyed and prized his reputation for craziness. It was an element of his popularity, and an assistant to his usefulness. He seems to have studied how to increase it. "People do not blame crazy ones for their behavior," said he. "Last night I preached from the Word of the Lord, but when I come again I will preach from the word of the devil." The "weak brethren were tried," but hundreds came to listen to his sermon from Luke iv, 6, 7, and much good was done. In Virginia he "called at a house on the road, saw a woman ask a blessing at the table, and, to give her a sounding, talked somewhat like a deist." She was about to turn him out, and was only prevented by the revelation of his real character. "All things shall work together for good to them that love God," he wrote a few days subsequently, "if we do n't bring the trials on ourselves needlessly."

In North Carolina the people took the strange preacher for an impostor and a horse thief. Near Raleigh a petty constable attempted to arrest him as such. In Nashville, Tennessee, failing to obtain the courthouse to preach in, he entrapped the keeper of a grog-shop into granting permission to preach on his premises. In Liberty, Virginia, he took his text from the "Age of Reason." In Coventry, Connecticut, he preached from the uppermost branches of a tree for a while, then descended, and finished his discourse from a wagon. Half Quaker, half Methodist, and wholly *sui generis*, he was stoned by the London street boys as a foreign Jew. In the north and in the south, in England and in Ireland, he was repeatedly rated as an impostor. It requires the hand of a clerical Haliburton to represent him with life-like correctness. His "spiritual father," Hope Hull, wished to confine him to a circuit, and so did his "spiritual grandfather," Freeborn Garrettson. But the world must be his parish, as it was John Wesley's, albeit no man could be more unlike the founder of Methodism in mental quality and external appearance than Lorenzo Dow.

The country is full of stories about him

to this day. Old men never weary of repeating them. A few specimens may be given. Some fowls had been stolen, and Lorenzo pledged himself to detect the culprit. He put the bird under an inverted kettle in another room, bade the men enter the room separately, and assured them that when the thief put his hand on the kettle the cock would crow. They did as directed, but no report came from the prisoner; but on examining the men's hands one of them was found unsoiled, and its owner was declared to be the thief. The surprised criminal, it is said, confessed his guilt. An ax had been stolen, and he spoke of the theft from the pulpit, and drew a huge stone from his pocket, threatening to hurl it at the head of the purloiner, who incontinently dodged, and thereby discovered himself.

In South Carolina, after preaching on one occasion, he announced another sermon to be delivered twelve months from that day. The singular man kept his promise to the hour. On the day previous to its fulfillment he met a colored boy whose marvelous performances on a long tin horn attracted his attention, and he asked his name. "Gabriel, sah," was the answer. "Well, Gabriel, have you been to Church Hill?" "Yes, massa, I'se been dar many a time." Gabriel also knew the pine tree under which Dow was to preach, and was induced by the promise of a dollar to hide himself among the thick branches. An immense concourse assembled. Dow preached a terrific sermon on the last judgment, and at a preconceived signal Gabriel blew his trumpet with such alarming vigor that women shrieked and fainted, men looked ghastly and cried for mercy, and all waited in agonized suspense for the crack of doom. Lorenzo watched the storm of terror with keen appreciation, and made a telling application of the event to the consciences of his hearers.

Overtaken by night on one occasion, he unceremoniously entered a house, and craved permission to stay all night. The woman reluctantly consented, and barred the door against further visitors. Soon her husband returned, when a man who was in the house when Lorenzo entered, hid himself in a large

box under a mass of flax hatchelings. The husband, who had been drinking, was introduced to Dow, who, he outrageously insisted, must raise the devil; not that he believed in a devil, but if there was one he wanted to see him. The preacher saw his opportunity, and said: "If you are determined to see him, open the door, put out the light, and stand out of the way, or he may take you with him. When he comes it will be in a flame of fire, and I warn you of the consequences." Lighting a bunch of brimstone matches, and muttering some unintelligible words, Dow then set fire to the flax under which the friend was hid, and cried out, "Come forth, thou evil one, and begone forever." Out jumped the fellow, enveloped in flame, and, with an unearthly yell, disappeared through the open door. To his dying day the sobered spouse maintained that Lorenzo Dow could raise the devil. He had seen him do it; he had seen and smelled Satan himself.

Eccentricity cropped out in his venturesome predictions. When on the Dutchess and Columbia circuit, he occasionally pointed to persons in the congregation and said, "That young man will be in his grave before I visit this place again." Some of the parties lived nearly if not quite as long as himself; but he took pains to fulfill his own predictions by never revisiting the places where the living subjects of them resided. He was safe enough in prophesying that evils were coming on the land. There is such an unfailing cloud of ills in company with each successive year that the prophet runs no risk in such vaticinations. But when he ventured to prophesy that Miss Mary R. Garretson, just deceased in her eighty-sixth year, would not live to see fifteen; when he informed Mr. Garretson of the near demise of his wife, who lived to the age of ninety-six; and even hinted to a young lady that she might be called to fill Mrs. Garretson's place, he only succeeded in making most egregious failures. In Jewish lands and in patriarchal times, his prophetic career would have come to an untimely end under a shower of cobble-stones.

In the interpretation of prophecy he was

ordinarily successful, as such things run. Of course he had his theories as to the meaning of all that is mystical in Ezekiel, Daniel, and Revelation, and his theories are neither better nor worse than those of most expositors. In his opinion "the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia" (Isaiah xviii), is the continent of America. "The Russian empire embraces the Gog and Magog of Scripture," and as to the Tarshish merchants and young lions, spoken of in Ezekiel xxxviii, 13, he apparently agrees with the Jews, who, he says, "suppose Tarshish merchants to refer to England, and the young lions to the United States, who, in that day will act in unison for their deliverance by a superintending Providence."

Not a little of what is startling and repulsive in Lorenzo Dow is to be ascribed to the condition of popular culture in his day. The times were more simple, plain, and credulous than now. His journals are full of tales about his dreams, and unpleasantly minute accounts of his multitudinous sicknesses. How he lived through those direful afflictions, and how Peggy, his heroic "rib," survived the wearisome and exhausting experiences through which he led her, must ever remain among the unsolved mysteries.

Scattered here and there throughout his writings are epigrammatic sentences of rare moral value, such as the following: "I ought to do right if other people do wrong, and the best way that ever I found to kill an enemy was to love him to death." "No man is a deist who dare not take an oath to relinquish all favors from God through Christ." "It is a foolish thing to take the devil's tools to do the Lord's work with." "A lazy Christian is as great a solecism as an honest thief, a sober drunkard, a chaste harlot, or a holy devil."

Methodism has had curious and peculiar instruments in abundance; but none more curious and peculiar than this son of "the land of steady habits." In his native New England, in the frosts and snows of Canada, in the fervid sunshine of Georgia, in the towns and villages of Great Britain and Ireland, and amid the wilds of the Mississippi Valley

he would proclaim the great salvation within the limits of a brief period, and always in stirring sensational style. Nor were his labors without remarkable results, especially in his early ministry. In 1798 six hundred were taken into society on two of his circuits within the short space of ten months.

In 1799, in pursuance of deep conviction of duty, he deserted his circuit in Vermont, embarked in a leaky canoe, with a bush for a sail, passed down the Mussisquoi River to Lake Champlain and to Canada; thence he sailed on an evangelistic mission to Ireland. His health was infirm. "To tarry is death," said he; "to go, I do but die." Go he did, and landed at Larne, in the north of Ireland, on the 27th of November. His mission proved remarkably successful. He experienced all the vicissitudes of evangelistic toil. Some received him kindly; but more were cold and distant, and advised him to return to America. In Belfast he was sent to prison for preaching in the streets, and he improved the opportunity of speaking to the prisoners. At Dublin he met Bishop Coke, who had just returned from America, and who requested him to go as a missionary to Halifax or Quebec, offering to bear his expenses for six years. Dow tearfully declined, whereupon "the doctor grasped me in his arms, gave me a hug, and went his way." At this time he was not quite twenty-three years of age.

In April, 1801, he returned home, was continued on trial at the ensuing conference, and stationed, at Garrettson's request, on the Dutchess and Columbia Circuit, with David Brown and William Thatcher as colleagues. The change from the fervor and enthusiasm of Hibernia to the immobility of an old Dutch community was too much for him. He came to Rhinebeck, and announced himself by thrusting his head and shoulders through the open window of a shoemaker's shop, and asking if there was any body round there who cared any thing about religion. "Yes, I do," said brother M'Carty, who lived to the age of ninety, and often repeated the story. Conversation followed. "Who are the preachers stationed on this circuit?" queried M'Carty. Dow mentioned their names. "What! crazy Dow! He will break

up the circuit," said the plain-spoken brother, who had not seen the "eccentric cosmopolite" before. Dow did not reveal himself, refused to tell his name, complained that the meetings were cold and lifeless, and felt as if he were delivering his message "to the wrong people."

Again he left his work without leave, and betook himself to itinerancy at large, for which he expected "to be as a leper shut out of the camp." At the next conference his name was left off the minutes, but Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat proved to be kinder than he anticipated. The latter particularly treated him with love and tenderness. The preachers were more severe, and "hatched" him, but "without bitterness." Jesse Lee, whom he met in Virginia, used him with great consideration. Coke and Asbury subsequently stated, in 1803, that he had done the Methodist Society no harm. Bishop Asbury even gave him an opportunity to preach before a conference in session.

In 1803 he was recommended as a preacher of the Gospel "to the world of mankind" by the governor, secretary, and twenty-eight members of the Legislature of Georgia. The great seal of the State was affixed to the document. The governor of Virginia afterward gave him a written recommendation, certified by the seal of the State. "Mr. Madison, the third man in the nation," gave him an American protection under the seal of the United States, and the governor, with other officials, of the State of Connecticut, furnished him with a certified statement of his parentage, character, etc., etc. The United States passport, in the usual form, describes him as being about "five feet ten inches in height, rather light-complexioned and much marked with the small-pox, having small, light eyes, dark brown hair and eyebrows, small features and short visage, a scrofulous mark on his neck under the chin on the right side."

Armed with these credentials, attested by Nicholas Snethen and James Quackenbush, he again set sail for the Old World, November 10, 1805, accompanied by his wife—poor, patient, long-suffering, much-enduring, saintly Peggy! She deserves far more

than a passing tribute to her exalted Christian womanhood.

The English preachers did not rejoice at his advent. Thomas Taylor thought he was "not settled in his head." Atmore shut the door upon him, and Jabez Bunting would not be seen by him. Whether he called on those dignitaries with two hats on his head and an undyed wool coat hanging down to his heels, or in more conventional costume, his journals do not record. "Adam Clarke," he wrote, "treated me as a gentleman." He was, however, too stern an advocate of order, too unbending an opponent of noise, to suit his visitor. Dr. Coke shook him off with some difficulty—for what, except general reasons, does not appear—and thereby incurred Dow's lasting displeasure.

Perhaps letters written by Nicholas Snethen to Joseph Benson, the commentator, and Matthias Joyce, the book steward in Dublin, on the 16th of November, only six days after Dow's departure, had something to do with the coolness of his reception. They were written in an unfriendly spirit, and they overshot the mark of the writer. Lorenzo, nevertheless, was injured by them. "His manners," quoth Snethen to Joyce, "have been clownish in the extreme, his habit and appearance more filthy than a savage Indian, his public discourses a mere rhapsody, the substance often an insult upon the Gospel." He is an "ape," a "shameless intruder," a "most daring impostor."

In Ireland he found many friends and many adversaries. In Dublin he took tea with Lord and Lady Belvedere, and in other places often lacked a comfortable meal. In sixty-seven days he "traveled about seventeen hundred English miles, and held about two hundred meetings, in most of which the quickening power of God was to be felt, and some were set at liberty before we parted." For two nights and one day, during this tour "the Threshers" pursued him as a noted heretic. Orders were also sent from the Dublin authorities to arrest him; but he escaped the hands of both parties.

After his second return from Great Britain and Ireland, he traveled extensively and incessantly. In labors more abundant, in

sickness, in debt, in destitution, and under clouds of detraction, he persisted in his erratic fashion in declaring the whole counsel of God. General Taylor, with other friends, helped to relieve his wants, while enemies plotted to compass his financial ruin. He records, "A world of contradictions, falsifications, and imbecile with outward inconveniences, as heat, cold, hunger, thirst, with pain and sickness in the vicissitudes of life, have been analects of my journey; but God has been my protector and consolation."

The press often descanted upon him in Snethen's style. In the eyes of some writers his appearance was mean, his delivery ungraceful in the extreme, and his discourses rodomontade without argument or eloquence. Others beheld in him an eccentric, but gifted preacher, liberal in doctrine, and no more mad than the eloquent Paul when he stood before Festus. Probably he differed much at different times. In 1830 he complained of an impostor who had assumed his name and traveled on his credit. "Hence," said he, "I had to bear some of the follies of his conduct; and twice narrowly escaped the hickory (on the principles of Lynch's law) as being considered the counterfeit Lorenzo."

In 1833 he visited many of the Churches in the New York Conference, Rhinebeck among the number; spent seven weeks in the tour, and attended about twenty meetings a week. One who heard him then, says that his voice was fine, his manner fervent, but not noisy, and his illustrations uncouth, but remarkably striking. Some specimens of humanity he compared to mounds of manure, covered with snow. Labor ceased only with life. He died suddenly at Washington City, February 2, 1834.

Reviewing his life we can not help noticing many special interpositions of divine providence in his behalf. He saw the good hand of his God upon him for good in all these incidents. Wishing to cross the Hudson at Kingston, but lacking the money to pay his ferriage, he espies a shilling in the sand. It just pays his ferriage. At Wethersfield, Connecticut, a woman leaves in his hand a dollar, which is the only money he receives

for some time. At various times his escapes from robbers, murderers, beasts of prey, and ruthless Indians were hair-breadth and numerous. In Ireland the power of the police was tasked to the uttermost to save him from martyrdom. "Stones, brickbats, slush, mud, sticks, and dead cats, and whatsoever came to hand, at times seemed to fly like hail, while the yells of the people seemed to cut and jar the air, as if the imps of the lower regions had broke loose and come up."

Some men who resembled him, and were mistaken for him, were murdered in cold blood. Neither Romanists, nor Episcopalians, nor Calvinists, nor any people, except those who had discernment enough to perceive true Christian heroism under that forbidding exterior, bore him any particular love. He was a "speckled bird" from beginning to end of his religious life.

Of his divine call to preach the Gospel he seems never to have had a doubt. He felt that a dispensation of the Gospel was committed to him, and that woe was unto him if he were not faithful in the exercise of his functions. Popular sins found no mercy at his hands. His voice was lifted up like a trumpet against the abominations of the land, and in warnings of impending dangers. Encouragement from the Church he had next to none, either at home or abroad. Both the English and the Irish conferences disavowed him as a Methodist preacher, and disclaimed all sanction of his peculiar measures. In Virginia "Mr. Dow's clownish manners, his heterodox and schismatic proceedings" were denounced in the *Richmond Compiler* by the Rev. Henry Hardy.

Had the English preachers known how to utilize this anomalous genius, Wesleyan Methodism might have been much stronger in Great Britain and Ireland than it is to-day. On his first visit to those countries he spoke at Mow Hill on the origin, progress, and consequence of camp-meetings in America. The people seconded his desire to hold one, or rather a field meeting, which is all that an English camp-meeting has ever been. Many attended and much good was done. The preachers stationed in that vicinity opposed the innovation, and the conference

subsequently condemned it. Two or three local preachers were expelled from the connection, because of their persistent determination to sustain it. They entered at once upon evangelistic labor, and were amazingly successful. Disciples increased, the name of *Primitive Methodists* was assumed, and to-day the body stands next to the Wesleyan Methodists in numbers and popular influence—perhaps not even second in respect to evangelistic effectiveness.

Sincere in his professions of disinterested philanthropy, he refused to receive more than would provide him with a hand-to-mouth subsistence. Yet he rarely suffered for the want of any good thing. Punctual in the performance of all promises, whether to preach or pay, he created almost universal confidence in his probity and ability. Brave, but discreet, he incurred the hostility of rowdies in Virginia by reproving them for striking the blacks. In wonted *chivalrous* style they mobbed and ragged at him; but he defied them; dared them to do their worst, and subdued them by invoking the interference of the secular authorities. Ireland and England, sea and land, all witnessed his passive but positive courage in bearing and braving evil. Liberal to a fault, he gave large sums from the pecuniary profits arising from the sale of his writings, to build churches and for sundry other beneficent purposes.

His Yankee blood and training were evinced in the keenness of his observations and in the shrewdness of his philosophizing. The wonderful remains of aboriginal civilization so abundant in the South and West deeply interested him. The marked contrast between the dilatory habits of the people on the left bank of the Ohio, and the prompt procedure of those who lived on the right bank, he justly ascribed to slavery. In England he noticed the efficiency of thirty woman preachers—one-third of the whole number then belonging to the Primitive Methodists—and inferred the propriety of employing such laborers every-where. Romanist priests, bound by oath to the service of the pope, he held could not bear true allegiance to the United States. Of the Quak-

ers, Shakers, Hebrews, and many other classes, he speaks in terms indicative of piercing insight and judicial appreciation. While traveling at large he saw enough of those strange physical phenomena, known as "the jerks," to convince him that God had sent them, "partly in judgment for the people's unbelief, and yet as a mercy to convict people of divine realities."

As a philosopher, his speculations are deserving of considerable respect. He read extensively, studied closely, thought independently, and expressed his mature opinions with incisive force. His "Analects upon Natural, Moral, and Social Philosophy" are full of sound judgment, and bristle with republican sentiments. His "Journey from Babylon to Jerusalem" details the results of his inquiries into matters physical, physiologic, metaphysical, and theologic. Not unfrequently he ventures on a new definition of an old process, for example, "regeneration is the opposite of degeneration."

In what school of philosophers he should be classed it would be difficult to decide. The Intuitionists may claim him with fair show of reason. "Knowledge," he says, "being the effect of 'self-evidence,' is, therefore a *sensible* or *moral certainty*, which of course can not admit of doubt; a man can TESTIFY no further than he knows." A believer in Christ "has the inward divine Witness to the *sixth sense* of the '*Soul*;' and the testimony corresponds with the demands of his '*seventh* or *common sense*,' whereby he is able to give a rational account of it to others."

His doctrinal views and religious experiences are distinctively Wesleyan. Early in his public ministry, under the instructions of the dying Calvin Wooster, he sought and found the blessing of perfect love, or entire sanctification. His orthodoxy on this point is unassailable. The distributive justice of God to individuals and communities was a frequent theme with him. The curse of God, he thought, had rested upon Savannah since the hour that the people treated John Wesley so badly, and also confiscated the property of George Whitefield. He felt as if part of himself were gone when he received the tid-

ings of his child's death, but submitted in the spirit of Abraham to the Lord's doing. Though compassed about with many infirmities, he patiently strove to exemplify his own maxims—"The GLORY of God our object; the WILL of God our law; his SPIRIT our guide; and the Bible our rule, that heaven may be our END."

Against Atheism, Deism, Universalism, and Calvinism he constantly directed his sermons; and spared no convincing argument, no witty sally, no biting sarcasm, to confute and bring them into contempt. The central doctrine of Calvinism—that of unconditional fore-ordination—he looked upon as the parent of all heterodoxy. "The Bible saith, *Christ* gave himself for ALL (1 Tim. ii, 4, 6; 1 John ii, 2.) A double L does not spell *part*, nor *some*, nor *few*; but it means all." Adherents of the Westminster confession, he styled "A double L—part men;" and in the "Chain of Reason and Reflections," which contains his doctrinal system, justly described their preaching as somewhat like this:

"You can, and you can't;
You shall, and you shan't;
You will, and you won't;
You 'll be damned if you do,
And be damned if you do n't;

thus contradicting themselves that people must do, and yet they can not do, and God must do all, and at the same time invites them to come to Christ."

In the interpretation of the Bible he strictly observed Bishop's Newton's law, and put a literal construction on its language, unless the context made such an interpretation absurd. His theological nomenclature is as original and independent as himself. None but Dow would designate the Almighty as the "Causeless Causator."

He was a born controversialist. He loved argument and delighted in logical encounters. He was a theological knight-errant, who seldom mistook a windmill for a mailed adversary. In his fiery zeal for truth and righteousness he was not seldom chargeable with credulity, inaccuracy, and unfairness. While in England he believed the popular rumors of concealed Romanism in all the members of George III's family, except the

Duke of Cambridge, and built many amusing prophecies on that assumption.

"To the manor born," he asserted, in "Omnifarious Law Exemplified," that "one of the Blue Laws of Connecticut was neither to give meat, drink, nor lodgings to a Quaker, or to tell him the road, or carry him over a ferry;" and, Dr. Trumbull and later writers to the contrary notwithstanding, that that very law had been executed in some of the counties of his native State. Of the Shakers he was quite ready to believe the common report that their communistic life was badly stained by sins of the flesh. Of the British government he was distrustful, and afraid on principle. He perceived the deleterious influence of "British gold" in the chaotic condition of domestic politics, and surmised that British machinations had assembled the Hartford Convention, and set afloat the South Carolinian doctrine of nullification. No good could possibly come out of the British Nazareth.

He was intensely patriotic; admonished, warned, and entreated his countrymen to be calm and dispassionate in their social and partisan views. "Be, very deliberately, true Americans!" Not less fervid was his love of popular liberty and hatred of monopolies. National established Churches he abhorred. Against the religious establishments of Massachusetts and Connecticut he launched unsparing invectives, and called upon the people of those States to "view a *half-breed* or *quarter-roon* in the land a granddaughter of the old W——." President John Adams he accused of monarchical leanings. "Hence, said John," 1789, "to have a stable government the chief magistrate must be established for life, if not hereditary; and also the Senate for life," etc., "to prevent the rich people from being oppressed by the poor," "and clerical expectation in the East was high."

The slightest pressure of Church order galled him severely. He winced, kicked out of the traces, broke loose from all restraints, and careered around the continent and over the British Isles at his own wild will. He was an exception to all rules. The charitable construction is, that he was a chosen in-

strument of the Almighty to accomplish much good in an irregular way. Episcopal succession and episcopal authority were equally the objects of his dislike. Secret animosity to Dr. Coke and Jesse Lee underlies his statement that "Jesse Lee said Coke stole one of his votes and put it on the other side," and thereby elected Whatcoat.

Presiding elders were no greater favorites with him than bishops. "To degenerate a noble, generous mind," said he, "make a presiding elder of him,"—a sentiment that has found a more modern echo. Methodism, as organized in 1820, he declared was so altered from the primitive Wesleyan pattern that it was like "the Irishman's jackknife, which was twenty-nine years old; had it from his *father*; it had worn out five new blades and three new handles, and still was the same *good old knife*." "The Methodist mode of Church government," said he, "is the most arbitrary and despotic in America, except the Shakers'."

He was a reformer, too, and advocated, not a quadrennial precisely, but a limited episcopacy, an elective presiding eldership, a confederal stationing committee, and lay representation. Episcopacy to him was a "Dagon or Diana."

His outspokenness led him into trouble more than once, and particularly in relation to the deceased Rev. William Hammet, the South Carolinian seceder from the Methodist Episcopal Church, whom he charged with "crooked work," and about whom he repeated the rumors that his (Hammet's) motives were impure, and that "he died drunk." For giving currency to these statements in his published journals, he was at one of his later visits to Charleston (May, 1821) tried and condemned for an offense against the peace and dignity of the State of South Carolina. He avers that he was tried under the old feudal law, whose maxim is, "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." An immense pother was made about it at the time, and the outcome was ridiculous. He was solemnly sentenced to be imprisoned in the common jail for twenty-four hours, fined a dollar, and mulcted in the costs of the prosecution. Lorenzo paid the fine, the

costs were relinquished by the officers of the court, and he was released from jail by a pardon from the governor on the afternoon of the same day.

A second time he was tried and condemned. This was before the Superior Court of Connecticut, held at Norwich, January, 1829. He had been sued for damages by a firm of mill owners, who complained that he prevented the flow of a regular supply of water to their mills by building a dam six feet high, at the outlet of Miner's Pond, which was on land owned by Lorenzo Dow. He went into something resembling intellectual and moral hysterics over the adverse decision. Rev. Hector Brownson, who knew him intimately, said that he removed the obstructive dam, as ordered by the court; but in such fashion, that the tremendous outrush of water did ten times more damage to the mills below his property than any previous stoppage had done.

Again he asserted the right to do as he pleased with his own, said that he had only let off the water to blow out the sluice-way more to his mind, to secure a plank that was sprung, and to estimate, by actual survey, the damage done to adjacent owners, whose land he had overflowed with water. Again he was taught that the enjoyment of personal right is limited by the points of infringement on the rights of others. Financial ruin followed in the wake of this whimsical exploit, which was performed in the Fall of 1830 or Spring of 1831. His next direct controversy was with the great enemy death, to whose power he succumbed, as before related, at the national capital.

The literary productions of Lorenzo Dow are quite voluminous, and in some instances have passed through more than thirty editions. Occasionally he attempted poetic composition; but his Pegasus was a limping, rough-shod, broken-winded hack. He is still remembered on the old Dutchess and Columbia Circuit, New York Conference, by his wretched doggerel on the "Presbyterian deacon's cat," which

"Went out to seek her prey;
She ran around the house,
And ketched a mouse,

Upon the Sabbath-day!
The deacon being much offended,
The crime was so profane;
He laid down his book,
The cat he took,
And bound her with a chain.
'You filthy jade, ain't you ashamed?
Don't you deserve to die,
To carry down to hell
My holy wife and I?'"

The deacon, it would seem, had incurred Lorenzo's indignation by the extreme rigor of his Sabbath observances, and by his forgetfulness of "the weightier matters of the law," for which he was condemned to impalement on a stake none the less torturing because of its knotted crookedness.

The style of his prose writing is a curious mixture of the crabbedness and force of Carlyle, with the simplicity, directness, and homeliness of Bunyan. In more than one particular does he remind one of the "prince of dreamers." He published pamphlets in Ireland, and disseminated his "Rules for Holy Living" in that country and at home.

His "Reflections on Matrimony" are exceedingly Scriptural, wise, and epigrammatic. Descanting on "Petticoat Law" he maintains that woman is capable of being better and worse than man; that "the character of a man is in the power of the woman; secondly, his property is in the power of the woman; thirdly, the liberty of a man is in the power of the woman; fourthly, his life is in the power of the woman." He spoke and wrote from experience as well as from study. He had been as unique a suitor as preacher. Proposing conditionally to Peggy Miller, who subsequently became his wife, he told her that he was going South, that if she were willing to give him up for twelve months out of the thirteen, and that if he met with no one that he liked better than she, why then something more might be said on the subject of marriage after his return.

They were married September 3, 1804. For fifteen years she shared his toils, privations, sorrows, and blessings, and yielded up her spirit while resting in her husband's arms, January 6, 1820.

Peggy had proved to be such an excellent wife that he married a second time before the year was out. Whether the second ven-

ture was equally to his liking is doubtful. Mrs. Dow (the second), it is said, very wisely insisted on retaining control of her own property, and on managing her own domestic concerns. In her temporary absence, the eccentric husband had the legend "Women Rule Here" painted over the front door. She is said to have been an excellent, sensible, and godly woman.

It was in deference to a wide-spread and urgent demand that all his thoughts and writings were "concentrated in a body." When the collection was "brought to a focus, and published in two volumes, for the benefit of society," then the eccentric preacher felt that the principal part of his work was done. "But," he added, "what time I have to spend below, I wish to devote to Zion's welfare, and stem the torrent of opposition and

temptation, until the journey of life shall close, and my weary soul may gain the happy land."

Every public man's life is recorded in two volumes. The first contains the statements of himself, friends, enemies, and critics as to his motives and actions, and as to the mark he has made upon society. The second is that found among the books of God's remembrance, wherein is unerringly inscribed the truth—the photographic reflection of the subjective and objective man. The two are often strangely discrepant. Only the latter is wholly trustworthy. We doubt not that in the case of Lorenzo Dow the divine record is of a fallible, errant, but loving and devoted disciple, who was accepted in the Beloved, and who was welcomed on his demise to the kingdom and glory of his Lord.

A MEDICAL MYSTERY.

I HAD gone to see an old friend, who is now a famous physician in a great city. Years had passed away since we had last met and parted. He then held a variety of official appointments, which looked rather imposing when put down upon paper, but which meant a great expenditure of time and costly medicine at a remuneration that was exceedingly unremunerative. But all good things come to the man who works and waits. I had been delighted to hear of my old friend's success; and when I availed myself of his standing invitation to "bestow myself" upon him for a short time, I was equally delighted to find that prosperity had not in the slightest degree harmed him. It had acted like a kindly sun and soft breezes in eliciting the best flowers and fruits of character.

One night I sat late with him after dinner, discussing the wine and walnuts; the ladies had gone to an evening party, for which, after a busy day, we hardly felt up to the mark. We talked of old friends and times, and of professional chances. I happened to say to him:

"You doctors see an immense amount of

character and incident. The medical is certainly a very lively and dramatic profession. I suppose few men know more family secrets than the doctors; more than the lawyers, more than the parsons."

"Yes," he replied; "patients often go into the confessional, but we never tell the secrets of the confessional."

"But tell me this," I continued; "have you seen much of what is called the romance of crime, or crime without any romance at all; the odd cases which get into the courts, and which the novelists work up for their stories—have you seen nothing of the sort?"

"Nothing," was his laconic answer. But he presently went on to say: "Such cases of course occur from time to time, but they are so lost in the mass of medical practice that few men, unless they are specialists, by which I mean chiefly the toxicologists, see any thing of them. There are doctors who can tell you any amount of tales about poisons, but my own line has always been prosaic, paying, and practical." And then as he smoked the meditative cigar, he exclaimed, after a pause: "You remind me of some odd circumstances. Yes, there really

was something very mysterious which happened to me once, and I have never been able to detect the secret of it. I should be glad to get your opinion of it. This is the story:

"I was called out one night after dinner to attend a lady, who, I was informed, was suffering from sudden and severe illness. Sensible people, when they send to a doctor, are careful to explain the exact symptoms of a case. The doctor then comes prepared. He is often able to bring the precise remedies with him. He saves time, and this is often the same thing as saving life. All that the messenger, a boorish-looking man, in a kind of livery, could tell me was 'sommel in the stomach.' Most illnesses might, more or less, be referred to something of the kind, and practically the fellow proved more correct than I had supposed.

"It was after dinner, at the end of a hard day's work. I had been in consultation for hours, and driving about for hours. I had got my feet into slippers; there was the easy-chair, the evening paper, and a decanter of old port, which had been given me by a grateful and gouty patient. Still, the case was urgent; it might possibly be lucrative; and a true-hearted doctor, above all things, never allows an appeal in case of suffering to be made to him in vain. I did not think it necessary to send for my carriage, but stepped out into the streets. The wind was roaring in great gusts, keeping back the rain, which threatened to fall heavily after a time.

"We went to a big house in a big square. I had noticed the house before, and not inquisitiously; walls and windows had always seemed so blank. I had never observed any signs of life in the house. Once I had asked who lived there, and was told, 'Oh, that's old Miss Brinckman's house.' The interlocutor had evidently thought that I knew all about old Miss Brinckman, but this was by no means the case. I had afterwards found out that she was old, infirm, without near friends and relatives, and somewhat peculiar and eccentric in her ways.

"My old notions about the house were strengthened as I walked upstairs. As I

passed from floor to floor, by room after room, there was no sign or sound of habitation. The furniture was handsome and heavy; the feet fell noiselessly on the thick carpets. Not in the best bedroom, but in quite the second best bedroom, lay Miss Brinckman, the mistress of the house. Her features were pinched with suffering, and she was in a state of great restlessness and anxiety. As the man truly said, there was 'sommel the matter with the stomach.' She was very ill; but the symptoms did not present any thing especially abnormal. Few medical cases are exactly alike; a fact which perhaps explained one or two slight variations from the usual symptoms of a derangement of this kind. I thought the course of treatment abundantly indicated by the symptoms, and sat down and wrote a customary prescription, which, in the ordinary course, would undoubtedly be followed by beneficial effects. I observed that the bedroom was somewhat dingy and penurious, and out of character with the rest of the house. The nurse, however, told me that this was the invalid's favorite room, and that she preferred it to any other apartment. There was of course no arguing about tastes, and I was glad to get back home.

"I generally go out to make my calls as soon as I have finished with my morning receptions—about noon. I felt so perfectly secure about Miss Brinckman's case that I called upon her nearly last of all. In the ordinary condition of things she ought to have been much better, and fairly getting on towards convalescence. This, however, was by no means the case. The patient was restless, feverish, complained of sickness, pain, and great thirst. The symptoms were perfectly consistent with the supposed complaint; but, on the other hand, they were also consistent with arsenical poisoning. It was of no use, however, to think of unnatural causes when natural causes might suffice. I did not know the patient's constitution, and an alteration in my prescription might produce the desired alteration in results.

"I sat down at a little table and prepared to write. As I did so, I cast up my eyes in

meditative fashion and encountered those of the nurse. As soon as they met my gaze they were lowered toward the ground. Before this happened, however, I had caught their expression, which produced an extremely disagreeable impression. It seemed to me that there was a kind of silent laugh in them—a look of pride and contempt. We doctors are occasionally obliged to put up with a little impertinence from grand professional nurses, though even this does not very often happen. Nothing, however, had occurred in our brief interviews which could account for the circumstance, and I had soon entirely forgotten it.

"I once more took my rounds next day, and made this one of my first calls. I had hoped to find things much better. On the contrary, they were worse. The illness, whatever it was, was making progress, and the patient was decidedly worse. I really could not understand this untoward condition of things, entirely contrary as it was to my experience and expectations. I had some thoughts of calling in another opinion, but this is a step which I did not quite like. It seemed too much of a confession of weakness. On this occasion I prescribed remedies of an 'heroic kind,' which would deal thoroughly with the case, and took my leave, contented to wait and see what a day might bring forth.

"But as I sat at dinner with my family, my thoughts irresistibly wandered away to the case of Miss Brinckman. There was an unaccountable restlessness and anxiety in my mind. Usually I do not carry the cares of my profession into my family; I am satisfied with knowing I have done my best, and after that there's no use fretting oneself; but I found that night I could n't rest in peace. The case puzzled and alarmed me. After one or two vain attempts to settle down, I took up my hat and started for the big house in the square toward ten o'clock at night.

"It was a good thing that I did so; otherwise Miss Brinckman would have breathed her last that night. The symptoms had increased with great severity. Her face was positively blue; she was evidently in a state

of collapse. I wondered whether it would be possible to revive her. Now I will let you in for a bit of my practice. The most powerful restorative I know of is a mixture of champagne and brandy. It is not a pleasant combination, but I have known it to do good when every thing else has failed. My patient sensibly revived under its influence. Glancing at the mantel-piece, my eye alighted on the bottle of medicine containing my prescription; and as the bottle was nearly full, I saw at once that the proper doses had not been administered. Somehow I felt that the nurse's eye followed mine as it wandered toward the mantel-piece. She hastily arose and moved toward the spot, with an intention, obvious to my mind, of hiding or removing the medicine-bottle.

"'Nurse,' I said, somewhat peremptorily, 'what is your name?'

"'Quillimaine.'

"'Married or unmarried?'

"'I am not married.'

"'Tell me immediately why my medicine has not been properly administered.'

"'Miss Brinckman could not take the medicine, sir. She was sick if she tried; and then she would not allow us to give her any.'

"I did not think the answer was a true one; but then there was no use in interrogating poor, half-dying Miss Brinckman.

"'It was your duty under such circumstances to have sent for me at once.'

"The woman was silent. A sudden thought flashed across my mind.

"'Now look here, Nurse Quillimaine,' I said, 'mark my words. If Miss Brinckman is not better to-morrow morning I shall immediately send for a detective.' The next morning Miss Brinckman was marvelously better.

"She got quite well eventually, and is still living in the big house in the square. She is much better tempered, and more rational altogether. She is perfectly convinced that I saved her life, which is true enough, and I have to visit her two or three times a week.

"I never talked to her about the nurse's conduct, as I did not think that it would be

of any use. But I told her I was not at all satisfied with the nurse, and hoped she would never employ her again. On my asking how she came to engage such a person, she said she came to her highly recommended by a relative. Pushing my inquiries respecting this relative, the old lady became reserved, and looked annoyed; and so I have never gone further into matters, and have hardly any idea who she is or who her people may be. Of course, I could not resist the idea that there might be some one who might profit by her death, but I have never been able to ascertain any facts.

"Certainly it is a very queer story, but this is only half of the affair. You know that to a great extent I am a season doctor; that I am one of the very few lucky doctors who, if they like, can take a few months' holiday when our town is 'out of season.' Now and then I used to take the practice of some friend less fortunate than myself in this respect. In this way it happened that, about a twelvemonth after Miss Brinckman's case, I found myself undertaking another man's practice two hundred miles away in the country. My friend had had some prosperous years, and was taking his wife and girls to the Rhine and Switzerland for a change; and none knew better than himself how necessary is a change to the hardly wrought general practitioner.

"I was called in, one hot Summer day, to see a venerable gentleman who had been partaking with the utmost freedom of the luxurious fruit of his garden, to which he attributed very disagreeable symptoms. I ventured to hint to the revered gentleman that a little moderation would not be unfitting his years and his symptoms. I strolled with him through his shady walks, and assuring him that strawberries were very bad for his complaint, partook liberally of them myself. I thought a very simple prescription would make him all right at once, and I was a little surprised to be awaked up at two o'clock one morning and be told that he was dangerously ill. Now, if there is one thing to which I object more than another, it is to being called out at two o'clock in the morning. In my time I have been doctor to a

local club, and I have been called out at that unearthly hour, across the snow on a Winter's night, and have found the patient cheerfully partaking of pipe and grog on my arrival. This old gentleman, however, was very seriously ill. He was worse than I thought possible under the circumstances; indeed, he was in positive danger. I told him that he required a nurse. He answered that there was a woman, who had entered his service lately as a housekeeper, who was acting for him in that capacity. I did not see her that morning, but concluded that her duties as housekeeper were then detaining her from her avocations as a nurse. I administered some brandy at once, as the symptoms seemed to require it, and going home I myself dispensed the necessary drugs with the greatest care. The boy in buttons took out the medicine, and I had no reason for doubting that it was properly given to the patient.

"But on visiting the patient next day I found that he was worse; if he had taken the medicine, it had done him no good. The symptoms were no longer any that could have arisen from mere errors in diet. They strongly resembled those of arsenical poisoning. In fact, I felt myself suddenly and irresistibly reminded of Miss Brinckman's case. The course of events had run quite parallel so far.

"I asked to see the nurse, who on this occasion also was out of the way, but after some search came forward. If I had not thought of Miss Brinckman before I should have done so now, for I really thought at the moment that Quillimaine, the nurse, stood before me. A closer examination showed me, however, that I was mistaken. With great points of likeness, there was also manifest unlikeness. At the moment I still felt quite certain that there was some relationship between them. A sudden thought occurred to me, and I said:

"I think you are a relation of Mrs. Quillimaine, the nurse, who was lately at Netherton?"

"She seemed annoyed and surprised by the question put to her, and delayed her answer for a few moments, and then she said:

"Yes, sir; Nurse Quillimaine is my sister."

"I thought I saw a likeness between you. What is your name? Is it Quillimaine, also?"

"My name is Sarah Mount, sir."

"Now, Sarah Mount, I want to speak with you privately before I leave the house."

"She followed me into the little parlor, positively pale and trembling. I felt convinced that I was on the right track in suspecting her; and yet in the absence of any definite reason for suspicion, it was not at all clear how I could act for the best. I resolved that I would adopt exactly the same line of conduct as I had done in Miss Brinckman's case. 'Sarah Mount,' I said, 'my patient has not improved as I hoped to find him improved. I have a strong idea that this is quite as much a case for the police as for the doctor.'

"I shall bring a policeman with me tomorrow morning, and shall most probably think it my duty to give you in charge."

"I watched the effect of my words narrowly. Of course, an honest woman would have resented them bitterly, and demanded that I should explain fully this extraordinary language. But no attempt of the sort was made. She covered before me as I was speaking. I added mercilessly, 'And when I find my patient better, I shall expect that you will give a week's notice, and go away. You are not to go away before a week, that I may see how Mr. Wilson progresses; and you are not to stay a single moment longer than the week unless I give you permission. Do you hear, woman?' I exclaimed angrily, raising my voice and stamping my foot.

"I will do exactly as you say, sir," she said, humbly.

"Then I arose to go. First of all I went upstairs, and saw that my patient took his medicines under my own eye. Part of them had been disposed of; but I felt no confidence that they had been duly administered. I made a careful examination of every thing in the bedroom, and, indeed, as far as I could, all about the place; but I am bound to say, without finding any corroboration of my malign suspicion. I went

to Mr. Wilson's house next morning, and found him very much shaken indeed, but considerably better. He continued to improve, and in about a week he was quite well. At the end of the week the nurse or the housekeeper, whichever she chose to call herself, went away quietly.

"The career of a medical man is not uneventful; but I have always looked upon this as the most singular combination of circumstances that has ever happened to me. The facts are facts, which I can not explain, and beyond which I am unable to go. I call it simply a Medical Mystery—an unsolved, perhaps an insoluble problem.

"I have an hypothesis, but it is so strange and far-fetched that I hardly like to mention it. But you shall hear it all the same.

"I have had occasion to notice several times that there are some sorts of medical secrets preserved in families. Probably it may be a simple, useful, innocent concoction, the secret of which may not be known to the local medical man, although he may hazard a shrewd guess as to its composition. For instance, I have known medical men look, not only without displeasure, but with pleasure and approval, on a plaster which had been used by old grandmothers, inherited from their own grandmothers. Within my own experience I have known such recipes make cures which the faculty have not been able to make. But sometimes these old-fashioned secrets have a darker history. People have left off believing in witchcraft and the evil eye, although there may be still some out-of-the-way places where this is the case to this very day. Occasionally, however, there is a belief, now very rarely found in any part of the country, but not totally extinct, that in such or such a family there may be the art of causing death by certain undiscoverable means. Most probably in the present state of science the so-called undiscoverable means are coarse and easy of detection. It might happen that the secret of a poison may be in a family; a poison subtle and safe, or if coarse and common, there are people who have it, and are intrepidly wicked enough to use it. We know that in the Middle Ages the knowledge of

certain poisons was confined to the members of some Italian families; a knowledge which was regarded as rare, precious, and profitable, and was turned to most lucrative account in what might be almost called a professional practice. Human nature is very much the same every-where; it is the hardest thing in the world to kill out any special form of evil. It is my impression there are still a few families in whom lingers a special knowledge of poisons, and in case of some depraved people a disposition to use them. Now, if this hypothesis, monstrous as I grant it to be, is true, we shall have the circumstances accounted for, that there are two sisters apparently in possession of the dark art of slow poisoning, and actually making horrid use of it.

"You will observe that in these two cases we have an old woman and an old man, each childless, each evidently with considerable property. Somewhere there would be people that would profit largely by their deaths. Now go a step farther. Imagine the following combination of circumstances. First,

that there is a family with a knowledge of a secret—or at least what they suppose to be a secret—way of poisoning, with members wicked enough to use it. Secondly, that there are wicked people, in two different parts of the country who are at the same time calling in the aid of two members of this family for a murderous purpose. Thirdly, that by a marvelous combination of circumstances, I was called into both of these cases. Such a combination, though perhaps a monstrously improbable one, would yield an explanation of all the facts in the case. I do not guarantee my explanation of the facts. In all probability they never will be explained. I shall always regard them as a medical mystery."

It is not necessary to trouble my readers with any further particulars of the delightful fortnight which I spent with the distinguished physician. I failed to elicit any more narratives from him. But I thought this one so remarkable that I made copious notes, from which I have set in order this true and unvarnished narrative.

LITERARY HABITS OF AUTHORS.

IN writing each author has some peculiarity, and performs his vocation only under particular excitements and in a particular way. Pope, although he ridiculed such a caprice, practiced it himself. Lord Oxford's maid-servant relates that, in the dreadful Winter of 1740, she was called from her bed four times in one night to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought. The night was also the favorite time for composition with Byron and Thomson. The latter frequently sat with a bowl of punch before him. He had an arbor at the end of his garden when he lived in Kew Lane, where he used to write in Summer time. It is related of Bossuet, that if, while he was in bed, his sleep was delayed or interrupted, he used to avail himself of it, to commit to paper any interesting thought which occurred to him. The Jesuit poet

Casimir had a black tablet always by his bedside and a piece of chalk, with which to secure a thought or a poetical expression. It is recorded of Charlemagne, by his secretary Eginhard, that he had always pen, ink, and parchment beside his pillow, for the purpose of noting down any thoughts that might occur to him during the night; and lest upon waking he should find himself in darkness, a part of the wall within reach from the bed was prepared, like the leaf of a tablet, with wax, on which he might indent his memoranda with a stylus. In like manner we are told of that indefatigable pursuer of literature, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, that some of her young ladies always slept within call, ready to rise at any hour in the night and take down her thoughts, lest she should forget them before morning.

The usual hour with Sir Walter Scott for beginning to write was seven o'clock in the morning. He continued it, saving the brief hour of breakfast, till one, and sometimes two, o'clock. As he was always full of matter, he had no occasion to wait for the descent of the muse, but dashed away at the rate of sixteen pages of print daily. He wrote freely and without much premeditation; and his corrections were few.

For upwards of half a century Jeremy Bentham devoted seldom less than eight, often ten, and occasionally twelve hours of every day to intense study. This was the more remarkable as his physical constitution was by no means strong. He was a great economist of time. He knew the value of minutes. The disposal of his hours, both of labor and of repose, was a matter of systematic arrangement; and the arrangement was determined on the principle that it is a calamity to lose the smallest portion of time. Indeed, he lived habitually under the practical consciousness that his days were numbered, and that "the night cometh, in which no man can work."

Dr. Thomas Brown, the author of "Inquiry into the Relation of Cause and Effect," and of other philosophical works, held for ten years the appointment of Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. The lectures which he delivered to his class were seldom commenced till the evening of the day before they were delivered. The doctor's labors generally began immediately after tea, and he continued at his desk till two, and often till three in the morning. After the repose of a few hours, he resumed his pen, and continued writing often till he heard the hour of twelve, when he hurried off to deliver what he had written.

Dr. Gregory, in his "Letters on Literature," says that Gibbon composed as he was walking up and down his room, and that he never wrote a sentence without having perfectly formed and arranged it in his head. Sir William Blackstone, whenever he sat down to the composition of his celebrated work, "The Commentaries on the Laws of England," always ordered a bottle of wine wherewith to "moisten the dryness of his

studies." Aubrey says, "Mr. Thomas Hobbes was beloved by Lord Bacon. He was wont to have him walk with him in his delicate groves, when he did meditate; and when a notion darted into his head, Mr. Hobbes was presently to write it down, and his lordship was wont to say, that he did it better than any one else about him." When his lordship himself wrote, he generally did it in a small room; because he said it helped to condense his thoughts.

Dryden, one of the great masters of English verse, is said to have considered stewed prunes as one of the best means of putting his body into a state favorable for heroic composition. As a preparation for study, he sometimes took medicine, and observed a cooling diet. George Wither tells us of himself, that he usually watched and fasted when he composed; that his spirit was lost if at such times he tasted meat and drink, and that if he took even a glass of wine he could not write a verse. William Prynne seldom dined; every three or four hours he munched a lump of bread, and refreshed his exhausted spirits with ale brought to him by his servant; and when "he was put into this road of writing," as Anthony à Wood telleth, he fixed on "a long quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, serving as an umbrella to defend him from too much light;" and then neither hunger nor thirst did he experience. When Father Paul Sarpi was either reading or writing alone, "his manner," says Sir Henry Wotton "was to sit fenced with a castle of paper about his chair and overhead; for he was of our Lord of St. Albans' opinion that all air is predatory, and especially hurtful when the spirits are most employed."

William Hazlitt almost always wrote with the breakfast things on the table; that is, between twelve and five o'clock. He wrote rapidly, in a large hand, as clear as print, made very few corrections, and almost invariably wrote on an entire quire of foolscap; contriving to put into a page of manuscript the amount, upon an average, of an octavo page of print, so that he always knew what progress he had made at any given time towards the desired goal to which he was

traveling—the end of his task. When he was regularly engaged on any work or article, he wrote at the rate of from ten to fifteen octavo pages at a sitting. When he had a work in hand he invariably went into the country to execute it, and almost always to the same spot—a little wayside public-house, called “The Hut,” standing alone and some miles distant from any other house, on Winterslow Heath, a barren tract of country on the road to, and a few miles from, Salisbury.

At the time when Nicolo Macchiavelli composed the works which have immortalized his name he was living in obscure retirement, where his only companions were rustics. He himself tells us, in a letter to his friend Francesco Vettori, that he trifled away his days, but his nights he gave to intense study. “When evening closes in,” he continues, “I return home, and shut myself up in my study; but before entering there, I cast off on the threshold my rustic dress, covered with mud and dirt, and put on clothes fit for courts and senates, and, thus attired, I enter the ancient courts of the ancient men, where, being by them affectionately received, I feed on that food which alone is mine, and for which I was born.” The musician Hadyn, in like manner, arrayed himself for his task in full court costume—his peruke sprinkled with powder, his wrists inclosed with delicate ruffles of fine lace, his fingers covered with rings of precious stones. On the other hand, Oliver Goldsmith loved to write in his dressing-gown and slippers.

Southey, writing to his old and constant friend, Grosvenor Bedford, says; “I am a quiet, patient, easy-going hack of the mule breed; regular as clock-work in my pace, sure-footed, bearing the burden which is laid on me, and only obstinate in choosing my own path. If Gifford could see me by this fireside, where, like Nicodemus, one candle suffices one in a large room, he would see a man in a coat ‘still more threadbare than his own,’ when he wrote his ‘Imitations,’ working hard, and getting little—a bare maintenance, and hardly that; writing

poems and history for posterity with his whole heart and soul; one daily progressing in learning—not so learned as he is poor, not so poor as proud, not so proud as happy.” His own “Lines to the Spider” conclude with a personal reference very apposite to the poet:

“Both busily our needful food to win,
We work, as nature taught, with ceaseless pains;
Thy bowels thou dost spin,—
I spin my brains.”

William Cowper, in a letter dated from Olney, to his friend Hill, tells us when he composed some of his works: “I write in a nook that I call my boudoir; it is a Summer house, not bigger than a sedan-chair; the door of it opens into the garden, that is now crowded with pinks, roses, and honey-suckles, and the window into my neighbor’s orchard. It formerly served an apothecary as a smoking-room; at present, however, it is dedicated to sublimer uses. Here I write all that I write in Summer time, whether to my friends or the public. It is secure from all noise, and a refuge from all intrusion.” Under such circumstances did Cowper write his books—those “worthy books” which are not

“Companions—they are solitudes;
We lose ourselves in them, and all our cares.”

The following picture of Dr. Burney, busied with his celebrated work, “The History of Music,” is from the pen of his daughter: “The capacious table of his small but commodious study, exhibited, in what he called his chaos, the countless stores of his materials. Multitudinous, or rather innumerable, blank books were severally adapted to concentrating some peculiar portion of the work. And he opened an enormous correspondence, foreign and domestic, with musical authors, composers, and students. And for all this mass of occupation, he neglected no business, he omitted no duty. The system by which he obtained time no one missed, yet what gave to him lengthened life, independently of longevity from years, was through the skill with which, indefatigably, he profited from every fragment of leisure.”

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

[We give up the space usually devoted to the discussion of some general topic to the following sketch. We think our readers will thank us for doing it.—ED. N. REP.]

GOSPEL WORK IN ITALY.

Let a man go to Italy for almost any thing but religion. And of that, too, one may there find any amount of the outside show and tinsel—of ceremonies and pictures and architecture, relating to religion, and bearing the name of the living God, though it is in fact little better than practical idolatry or transparent hypocrisy. As you whirl along on your way to the Eternal City, address the most intelligent looking of your fellow-travelers respecting the religious life of the people among these numerous churches, and he will probably tell you that it is all a system of deception and speculation, intended to deceive and enslave the stupid and superstitious masses; that churches and altars are little else than gambling implements with which the priests cheat the simple and unwary. Another will tell you that while too many Italians think and talk as this man has done, yet many think quite otherwise; that, indeed, the people need religion to save them from degenerating into mere brutes. "Christianity" (by which he means Romanism), he may go on to say, "is not the religion that can answer to the wants of the present age, nor is it what should be offered to the people; but it is better than none at all. Italy needs reason, but the Bible contains a great deal that is unreasonable, such as that the sins of Adam should be visited on his posterity, or that the death of Christ should be an atonement for all men. It is, however, advisable to leave the common people to their old beliefs, and, for myself, I must get along with God as well as I can with my light. I go to Church occasionally, and never fail at the Easter communion, so as to avoid seeming singular, and getting into trouble with the priests. I let them say what they please,

and get along as well as I can in an honest and orderly way."

In this way all sincerity and truth are sacrificed by the great body of the more intelligent, who have one creed for themselves and another for the poor and unlearned, for women and priests. In the widest circles of Italian society there prevails an almost total indifference toward nearly every thing that bears the name of religion, and the conversations here given may be accepted as representative ones, as heard among the upper classes. Some believe in nothing, and indulge in open scorn and derision; others also believe in nothing, but still think it not best to come to an open rupture with the Church and with public opinion; and so they outwardly conform to the usages of the Church, but without faith or comfort.

It thus happens that the Italian nation, with all the pomp and show that gather about the Papacy, is perhaps the most irreligious part of all Europe, though outwardly the most addicted to religious ceremonies. The intelligence and culture of the country has become thoroughly disgusted with the teachings and the practices of the Papal Church, and would gladly be rid of it. But what shall they have in its place? It is easy enough for us to answer, "Protestantism!" but of that, in its true character, they know almost nothing. Many of them have only heard of it as something to be scorned or dreaded, and others as only another form of that which they would wish to escape. Such a country, so cursed and blighted by the fires of a false religion, would seem to be a most uninviting field for Protestant missions. A blast from some patriot bugle may awaken it to a new patriotism, and industrial enterprise may follow after freedom, but respecting religion the whole land is a valley of dry bones, upon which no life-giving spirit has breathed. The structure of

the Papal Church remains, and even the Government against which it is all the time gnashing its teeth and belching its imprecations, regards it with indifference, because of its inability to harm.

In other Catholic countries (Belgium, France, Germany, and Austria), remote from the seat of the Papacy, the clericals are recognized as a political power; but in Italy there is not enough interest in the Church to gather for itself a political party. Even the old forms of superstition are becoming effete, and the modern miracles that have been heralded from other parts of Europe find nothing answering to them in the home country of the Papacy. Italy has no newly consecrated shrines like those of Lourdes or Marpingen; and the few lingering wonder-seekers of that country must be satisfied with the Madonna of the Loretto, or of the liquefying blood of St. Januarius.

It is natural, therefore, for the earnest Christian, who holds that the Gospel is for all the world, to ask whether this barren soil can not, by some means, be rendered more fruitful. And this question has, indeed, been not only asked, but it has been practically answered in the affirmative. Within the last few years much has been done toward founding, in that country, Christian congregations, that are actively engaged in awakening a new religious life in the land. Each new political revolution during the last twenty years has opened new doors for evangelical Christian efforts, which have been faithfully and zealously entered.

The house of Savoy was formerly fierce and unrelenting in its opposition to the evangelical faith, and under its sway the Waldenses in the Alps were ruled with a rod of iron. But Victor Emmanuel was true to the promises made to his people when he was struggling against a formidable adversary; and the result has been that Gospel hymns were first sung in the Italian tongue in his capital of Turin, by the Waldenses, who for centuries before had been the victims of the most sanguinary and remorseless persecutions. And no sooner was political and religious liberty given to Italy than these Waldenses began their work of evangelistic aggression, and continued to press forward till they entered Rome with the army of Victor Emmanuel.

The Waldensian Church, sheltered among the valleys of Piedmont, with its ten thousand

communicants, is divided into fifteen parishes, and these are all united in a single synod, or denominational organization, which is now doing a good work in nearly all parts of Italy. It has about twenty-four stations and thirty-nine missionary congregations, and twenty-five hundred members, most of them converts from Romanism. This is, indeed, a marvelous record of evangelistic labors and successes by a Church of only about fifteen ordained ministers. They have also a college and theological school for the training of missionaries for their home evangelistic work. Their success in their work is somewhat owing to very timely and liberal financial aid received from the Scottish Free Church, for they are very poor, and can give little else besides their prayers and personal labors.

The Waldenses have the exceptional advantage of being known as an original Italian Church. Although during the long years of Italy's enslavement to foreign domination the old spirit of Italian patriotism seemed to have almost wholly died out; yet under the influence of Garibaldi, and by the hopes that his successes inspired, a new and intense national patriotism was awakened. With this came also a spirit of both self-assertion and self-reliance, whose war-cry was, "Italy will do for herself." Under this inspiration the Italians not only attempted more than they could accomplish, but they also affected to despise all extraneous help, though her final liberation and unification was effected through her alliance with Germany. This feeling is largely shared by her native Protestant Churches and people, and most of all by the Waldenses, who feel that they, too, can do for themselves, and that only genuine Italians can do the work needed to be done for Italy. Hence they regard all other missionary workers with something of disfavor—as foreigners, and, in some sense, interlopers. There is, therefore, but little harmony of feeling or concert of action between them and the other Protestant bodies in Italy. This is plainly recognizable in Rome, and it is said to be equally manifest in other parts of the kingdom. They willingly accept pecuniary aid from abroad, but claim that they can be best served by the native pastors and evangelists. There may perhaps be some truth and reason in these claims; but those who contribute the funds have also the right to be heard in

the matter, and they who receive favors should be ready to regard the wishes of their disinterested benefactors.*

But there are certain other infelicities connected with this Italian evangelistic work, which are neither hard to detect, nor yet especially difficult to remedy. There are in Italy, especially in Rome, so-called missionary enterprises, chiefly schools, in the hands of Americans, which are, to say the least, of a somewhat doubtful character. They are independent and personal affairs, responsible to nobody for either the character of their work or the use made of the funds intrusted to them. As to the former, it is not believed by those best qualified to judge in the matter, that such schools are called for or likely to be useful in Rome; while in respect to the latter, no one can be called to account for the use of any moneys received and expended. While it is not proposed to directly antagonize any such movements, it would seem to be only a dictate of common prudence to have nothing to do with them. And yet it is known that some such are making their appeals to our American Churches and Sunday-schools for pecuniary contributions, using the names of the "Waldenses" and the "Free Church of Italy" as the intended recipients of the funds received. It will be safe always to decline all such solicitations, and especially so since there are other well known and fully responsible agencies through which any gifts in favor of Italian evangelization may be bestowed with entire

safety. It is not supposed that every one who may be engaged in such enterprises is an impostor, but it is quite obvious that it is a work in which false pretenders might find an open field for their operations, and there can be but little doubt that the danger to which the system is liable has not always been escaped without harm.

The Free Church of Italy is doing a good work, and is extending its influence from the Alps to the lowest extremity of the peninsula. It is largely under the patronage and influence of the Free Church of Scotland, and in 1870 it adopted a Presbyterian and synodical constitution, which has formed the basis for a solid development. It has about thirty-six congregations, scattered, like those of the Waldenses, all over Italy, with not far from fifteen hundred communicants. It has also nearly as many other stations where Gospel services are held in the Italian tongue on the Sabbaths, with frequent gatherings during the week; and, together with the Waldenses, it has about four thousand children in their secular schools, which are prized and patronized by many Catholics as well as Protestants.

There are also in Italy more than one well-known and very effective evangelists, who are not officially connected with any organized ecclesiastical bodies. Chief among these is the venerable Count Guicciardini, in Florence, who, many years ago, suffered imprisonment, and finally banishment, for his Protestant faith and zeal. He, and his friend Rosetti, have

*The relations of evangelical missions, planted and controlled by foreign ecclesiastical bodies, to the native Church, and to the people generally, are beset with very considerable embarrassments, and the whole subject is one that requires delicate and careful treatment. Those who contribute the necessary funds for the prosecution of such a work have the right to know how their gifts are used; and, if that course seems best, to have their administration in the hands of their own agents. It may also be presumed by the givers that quite possibly the receivers of pecuniary aid may also need the spiritual inspiration and counsels which they (the givers) are best qualified to impart. It is, therefore, usually thought best that the work to be done by the help of money given should be under the direction of persons sent out from the contributing Churches. And yet this policy may very readily be carried too far. If readily accepted by the patronized Churches they very naturally fall into habits of dependence, and tend, perhaps unconsciously, to a spirit of mendicancy, which is among the most fatal blights that can fall upon a Christian people. On the other hand it is exceedingly undesirable that the Churches that may be built up in foreign lands, whether heathen or otherwise, by missionaries sent to

them, should either recognize themselves or be recognized by those among whom they dwell, as foreigners. Such bodies would be all the time subject to distrusts and prejudices by reason of their foreign character and relations. The people would naturally avoid them, and the government would have reason to regard them with some degree of jealousy. The Churches planted by the apostles became autonomic and local, from the beginning, and so Christianity came to be recognized in every place as belonging to that place, and not especially to Jerusalem or Antioch or Rome. It may be expected that American Methodism will send out its missionaries to most of the countries of the globe; but the Methodism that they shall plant and nourish should be not an American, but a Chinese, a Japanese, an Indian, an Italian, a German, a Swedish Methodism—each having its own individuality, self-supporting and self-governing. The time for the consummation of all this may not yet have fully come in any of our foreign fields; but it may be nearer than is sometimes suspected. At any rate it should be kept steadily in view both at home and abroad, and furthered as rapidly as the conditions of things will justify.—[EDITOR NAT. REP.]

an organization called the "Christian Free Church," ruled, as they say, by the direct impulses of the Holy Ghost. They are in harmony with the teachings and practices of the Plymouth Brethren, of England; and while we may rejoice in any good that they may accomplish, it will be safe to let them alone. There is also an interesting enterprise in progress in the port of Genoa, under the management of a clergyman of the Free Church of Scotland, Rev. Donald Miller, who has a Bethel ship where divine service is held every Sunday, and during the week a colporteur visits all the vessels in the port to offer the sailors Bibles, Testaments, and tracts. Many of the Italian coasters that visit Genoa have in this way gathered quite a library of moral and religious books, which they distribute through the coast towns, and as a result several villages have sent requests to Genoa that an evangelist might be sent to reside and labor among them.

Before the war of 1859 both the Waldenses and the Free Church were confined to Piedmont. In that year Lombardy, Tuscany, and all Central Italy were opened to the Protestant Bible and preaching. In 1860 these were extended to Venice, Naples, and Sicily, and in 1870 to Rome, at its fall before Victor Emmanuel. It is said that a colporteur's little dog-cart full of Bibles was the first vehicle to enter the Eternal City through the breach made in the walls by the liberating invader's cannons.

With every advance step in the liberation and unification of Italy the number of Gospel workers increased as did also the sympathy of foreign Protestants. Those of England, Scotland, and the United States soon became actively enlisted in a variety of measures to advance the cause of the open Bible in Italy, and especially in Rome; and both money and men were sent thither, all of which have been eminently successful in building up a vigorous evangelical Christianity in the land. Until 1870 no Protestant worship had been allowed in Rome, except in the chapels of the embassies of the Protestant powers, and those who desired to attend any such services were compelled to seek them outside of the city walls. But with the overthrow of the Papal government came the opportunity for the coming of Protestant missionaries, in which the native

Italian Churches naturally took the lead. But the people of Rome had become so suspicious of every form of ecclesiastical authority that even these new Italian organizations shared in their distrust. Nor did either the Waldenses or the Free Church seem so ready to assume aggressive work as did the missionaries from other lands, who, with their experience in such matters, readily became the leaders of the new Protestant Propaganda. Accordingly, alongside of the native evangelical Churches arose others also, both English and American Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians, the last largely in sympathy with the Scottish Free Church. The Germans have not appeared at all in Italy, but they are doing a valiant work in Spain.

The Protestant missionary work in Italy at the present time has about nine thousand regular attendants on its Sabbath services, with five times as many irregular and occasional attendants, in about two hundred and eighty places, all conducted in Italian. The whole number of Protestant communicants is about six thousand five hundred, and the Protestant schools have about six thousand pupils, male and female. There are one hundred and seventy regularly organized Churches or congregations, and over three hundred persons—men and women—are employed in Church and school work.

In the city of Rome there are thirteen places where Protestant teaching in the Italian language is given in some form, and among these there prevails a good degree of harmony, except on the part of the Waldenses, who seem inclined to hold aloof, regarding them as interlopers, and always distinguishing them as "foreigners." They now worship in a hall, but are preparing a church for themselves on the Corso, the principal street of the city. They number over a hundred members, many of them native Piedmontese, with some Swiss, French, and even Americans. Of native Romans they seem to have very few in their body. Their exercises and proceedings are orderly and creditable, under a good pastor and his assistant; but they are quite too quiet and unaggressive to meet the requirements of their surroundings.

There is also a very interesting work among the Italian soldiers, who, under the new régime, are allowed to attend Church services wherever

they please. An Italian Protestant—Campellini—has gathered a congregation of soldiers in Rome of about four hundred, to whom he preaches on Sundays and at stated times during the week; and a deep and profitable religious interest seems to have been developed among these soldiers. The Italian regiments are made up, not of recruits from special districts, but from the whole kingdom, so that the same regiment may have in its ranks representatives of all parts of the country. Some of these men are from the distant mountain valleys of the Alps and of the Apennines, as well as from other less remote parts; and, as every Italian soldier is taught to read and write, many of them in their joy over their new acquirements send home accounts of the new Protestant work in Rome, and thus the seed is scattered abroad in the land. After a few years of service these men return to their homes, where they will appear as oracles to proclaim a new and living faith, instead of the mummeries and idolatries of Rome.

The Free Italian Church has in Rome an active and aggressive work, and a strong congregation under the renowned evangelist, Father Gavazzi. They seem not to lack money, and they own a "palace," in which they have a church and several schools, including a department for training native Italian workers. Their place is near the Vatican, in a populous part of the city, facing the famous Castle of St. Angelo, on the Tiber. Their number of communicants is not large, and they seem to make it their specialty to look after the waifs of the highways and byways. They are doing a good work.

The English Wesleyans have a very fine position in Rome, and are well supplied with funds. They own a large house, or "palace," in which is a roomy church well adapted to a floating population, from which they draw largely. Their membership numbers about sixty; but their services are attended by hundreds. Rev. Mr. Piggott is at the head of this work, for which he seems to be eminently adapted.

The English Baptists have a kind of half-secular work, which they style the "Church of the Apostles," with a number of little chapels in distant parts of the city, and an excellent church edifice near the center, which they call "Evangelical Hall," but which the Papal organ, on the day after its dedication dignified

with the name of the "Hall of Hell." Here they have a fair congregation with regular Gospel work; but in the outlying places they have a sort of mothers' mission, to teach the women to sew, on condition that they will send their children to the school. The principal congregation is largely composed of beggars, who often gather to the number of four hundred in the populous quarter to the east of the Tiber. The object of Mr. Wall and his wife seems to be to show the wealth of Christian love even to the lowest of humanity. The men are helped to work and to bread; the women are taught to sew and knit. The men are taught that to work and gain their own living is honorable, and at the same time they are told of the greater value of the bread of life, which is also freely offered them.

The Southern (American) Baptists have a flourishing mission, and are doing a good work, which is under the direction of Rev. G. B. Taylor, of Richmond, Virginia, with some decidedly efficient native helpers. They began at first in a very small way in the center of the city, but afterward procured property, and now have a convenient though small house of worship, with about thirty members and a rather small congregation, and also a school.

The work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome, and in all Italy, as well, is under the direction of Rev. L. M. Vernon, assisted by an able corps of native helpers. Dr. Vernon reached Rome by successive stages. Beginning at Genoa, and afterwards making Bologna his chief center, he still later removed to Rome, from which point he now directs the general affairs of the Churches scattered from Milan to Naples. In Rome the mission has a neat and appropriate little church well located, near the famous Fountain of Trevi, in the Via Poli, a place much frequented both by the populace and by strangers. Here on each Sabbath are held regular preaching services, Sunday-school and other exercises in true Methodist fashion. The whole style and air of the place is almost strangely conformed to the American Methodist type. The pastor at Rome (for Dr. Vernon is superintendent of the whole Methodist Episcopal work in Italy, with local pastors at various points, the latter all natives) is Dr. Alceste Lanna, a cultured gentleman and thorough scholar, educated in Rome for the

Catholic priesthood. He became a Protestant from conviction, and afterwards a Christian convert by repentance and faith; and is now an earnest preacher of the Gospel and a successful pastor. There are about one hundred members of the Church, and a very good congregation, who seem to appreciate the advantages afforded them. They are well informed respecting their Church relations, and perhaps a little proud of their denominational family; and beyond almost all others in Rome they seem to understand and appreciate the motives of those who are dispensing to them the Word of life. They form an exceptionally intelligent Roman audience, and when we bore to them the Christian greetings of the home Church and its missionary authorities their countenances very clearly indicated that they understood and appreciated the message.

Dr. Vernon's work is in form, though not in name, episcopal, in the true and best sense of that term, the care of all the Churches—a work at once laborious and delicate, which he has thus far performed with signal success. He is not a theorist, but simply pursues his single purpose of extending the preaching of the Gospel, and building up local Churches throughout the Italian Kingdom. His most difficult duty is the choice of native assistants, to have charge of the outlying Churches, for while there is a superabundance offering, not every one is possessed of either the mental or the spiritual qualifications necessary; and while many are willing to accept the positions of missionaries and receive their emoluments, they are not prepared to bear the burdens, or submit to the reproaches that they bring. It would be too much to expect that among such conditions no mistakes should be made.

The Methodist Episcopal mission in Italy has been eminently successful ever since its inauguration, and its increase has been exceptionally rapid among Protestant missions in that land. It now has thirteen stations, including Milan, Venice, Modena, Bologna, Forlì, Dovado, Florence, Arezzo, Perugia, Terni, Narni, Rome, and Naples, with an aggregate membership of six hundred, and a very large number of unattached hearers. The work is designed to be exclusively spiritual, evangelistic and pastoral, aiming only to bring men to an experimental knowledge of Christ and his salvation, and to build them up in the faith.

Protestant mission work in Rome is rather favored than otherwise by the better classes of the people, and is silently effecting a revolution in the religious sentiments of the masses. The educated classes have long been disgusted with the whole system of the Papacy; but have been silent for prudential reasons. Now that every one is free to express his own opinions, and to go his own way, the priests have been very largely deserted. At first it seemed that the whole city and nation would become openly infidel; but the incoming of Protestantism is effectually stemming the current and leading the people to a better mind. There is still among them a deep reverence for the Bible, and because Protestantism offers an open Bible to all the people there is found a disposition to listen respectfully to its lessons. It also enjoys the protection of the laws and has the prestige of the royal favor. The recent attempt on the king's life, by a solitary madman, called out almost universal expressions of loyalty from the people, and more formally from nearly all incorporated bodies, among which the Protestant Churches were conspicuous. Those of Rome and Florence waited upon his majesty in a body, and were received with great cordiality, and detained with many inquiries about their work. But as the Methodist missionary at Florence was unable to join with his associates in their visit to the palace, he afterwards went in person and alone, and was not only admitted to the royal presence, but detained for some time in an earnest conversation respecting the religious affairs of that city.

Evidently society in Rome is receiving quite an active infusion of the real spirit of Protestantism. Our mission publishes its *Torch*, a little monthly sheet, designed to serve as a bond of union among the various Methodist missions in the kingdom. Among the announcements in its issue for January was the programme of exercises for the "Week of Prayer," which was duly observed almost under the eaves of the Vatican. The Protestant missions held union services each evening of the week, meeting alternately in the various churches, beginning with the Methodist Episcopal; and the result in bringing the several Churches into a closer sympathy was believed to be most happy. On the evening of their meeting in the Free Church they were favored with the presence

of the venerable Dr. Murray, of India, who related to them many things of great interest respecting his own work.

In Naples, on New Year's day, a new and improved house of worship for the Methodist mission was opened with appropriate religious services, to which all the evangelical ministers were invited, and nearly all of them, either then or afterwards, gave their countenance to the movement by their presence. The Church in Florence is reported to have recently taken on new life, after having passed through certain rather unfavorable vicissitudes, and it seems decidedly "homely" to read that "thirteen new members and twenty-seven probationers" have been received since the last session of the conference.

In Milan the Week of Prayer was observed with much spirit by the various Protestant Churches. On the 9th of January in the Methodist Episcopal Church in that city was held a memorial service, that being the anniversary of the demise of King Victor Emmanuel, presided over by the Rev. Mr. Pig-gott, the venerable superintendent of the Wesleyan missions in Italy, who called attention to the fact that only a short time before they had

been called together in that church to render thanks for the escape of King Humbert from the hands of the assassin.

Our hasty glance over this deeply interesting and promising field of Gospel labor is well calculated to inspire the largest and best hopes for the future of Italy. The seeds of Protestantism have been sown broadcast over its fields, and have taken root, and are already bearing fruit. The native Churches have passed out of their mountain fastnesses, and are spreading over all the peninsula; and the exotics, brought in from countries hitherto more favored with the Gospel, are rapidly becoming naturalized in Italian soil, and promise to prove there no less sturdy and productive than in their home fields. And, best of all, the Protestantism of Italy is much more than a form of intellectual faith, and corresponding forms of services; it is a living reality, known by those who receive it as the power of the Holy Ghost, and recognized among men as a divine transformation of the soul. A brighter day has, indeed, already dawned in the land so long, and beyond almost all others, cursed by the presence and power of a corrupt spiritual despotism.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

PROGRESS AMONG THE BURMESE.—Some individualities of the Burmese character are illustrated by the comparatively slow progress made by even the most widely welcomed accompaniments of Western civilization. Outside the chief towns, the Burman has acquired no new wants such as a foreign civilization has brought to his countrymen in cities. For his food he is content with the fish of the creek on which his bamboo cottage is built, and the rice which grows on its borders, and for clothes, with the fabrics woven in his native village. In his journeys to the neighboring town, the canoe in which he has paddled from a child is sufficiently rapid carriage, and if he has news to send to distant relations the natural and safest mode of transmission seems by the hand of a trustworthy messenger. The "slow, sweet hours that bring him all things good" suffice for all his business and his pleasure; he feels no prompting to hasten to get rich, no desire to

hear news of wars and doings of far-off nations with whom he has no concern. What need to put his letter in new-fangled envelopes? and who is this English-speaking postmaster that he should intrust him with it rather than the brother or cousin whom he has known from infancy? As for the telegraph, how can a message be better or more quickly carried than by the downward current of the mighty Irrawaddy? Hence, it is that the postal authorities at headquarters are still exercised in their minds by the small popularity gained by the post-office in Burmah, and that the lines of telegraph, which now bring nearly all parts of the province *en rapport* with the capital of Rangoon and with the rest of the world, are as yet almost exclusively worked for the benefit of Europeans. And the same causes operate in many other directions. Thus the circulation of bank-notes, which in India has given such relief in business transactions, has been hith-

erto found an impossibility in Burmah. On the other hand, in the towns and their neighborhood abundant signs are found of the influence of Western civilization. The English shops and stores of Rangoon are the resort of natives of all classes, and not only are many Burmese houses stocked with English furniture, but even in the Buddhist monastery may be seen, commonly enough, chairs, carpets, lamps, mirrors, clocks, and even opera-glasses and musical-boxes. Every kind of mechanical toy or instrument seems to have a special attraction for the Burmese monk. A group of these ascetics, whose boast is in their poverty, may often be seen in the shop of a Rangoon watch-maker and optician examining his wares, and no more welcome present can be made to a monk than a pair of spectacles or opera-glasses.—*Frazer's Magazine*.

MACMAHON AND HIS SUCCESSOR.—Things have so well settled in France that it is high time to say an affectionate *farewell* to the Duke of Magenta, and a most hearty *welcome* to the brave and steady "citizen" Grévy. MacMahon was the last man who should have ever sat in the Presidential chair; but then war, and civil war particularly, brings about strange results. With a suppressed *Commune* to guard against, and a neighborly foe to keep a look-out upon, France could not well trust herself to unskilled citizen soldiery, and so the man who had overthrown the May misrule of 1871 was just the one to become the *ward* of the nation. True, the Marshal had always been a royalist, a Bourbon, too, of the worse sort, whom even Napoleon III dared not have near the Tuileries after he owed to him salvation from a premature Sedan. Yet the Marshal had proved a man of honor, too, and he had never been found unfaithful to any party that had called him into service. And so the Republic trusted him. Possibly had MacMahon's antecedents been different he would have become an ardent republican in time. But the descendant of an ancient family of Irish-Catholics, who followed the fortunes of the Stuarts, and who after taking refuge in Burgundy became the favorites of the French Court (his father was one of the personal friends of Charles X), MacMahon had seen the great gates of royal life open too wide for him not to retain forever a love for regal pomp and courtly

distinctions. Besides, a republican country is not likely to give scope to a soldier's activity, and so on this account, too, MacMahon could not be won over to the new *régime* with genuine heartedness. Few men are now living whose military services have been more numerous or more splendid, despite some reverses for which he least deserves the blame. His courage certainly has been so peerless that it has become proverbial. There is many a story told of it that will bear repeating; but we did not set out to write a biography of MacMahon. A word, however, we must add, to substantiate what has been written of his heroism. Having been ordered on one occasion to carry an order from General Changarnier to the colonel of his regiment, which was separated from the *corps d'armée* by a vast horde of Bedouins, he was told to take a squadron of dragoons with him. "They are too few or too many," he replied; "too many to pass unseen, too few to beat the enemy. I will go alone." And he went. It was he who led the famous assault on the Malakoff, which decided the issue of the Crimean War; and Marshal Pelissier, seeing MacMahon's extreme danger, twice sent him orders, by an aid-de-camp, to retire from the perilous position he had taken up. "Let me alone," roared MacMahon, at the second message; "I am master of my own skin." MacMahon may honestly claim the honor to have won whenever he had his own way. In 1857 he put down the dangerous expedition of the Kabyles, and drove them from their mountain fastnesses, which had previously been thought inaccessible. He won the day at Magenta, in the Italian war of 1859, and turned defeat into victory. In the command of the first *corps d'armée*, charged with the defense of Alsace, he was tied down to act on a plan of defense which originated at the Tuileries, and he can not therefore be held responsible for the mischief that followed his military movements after August 6, 1870, when he suffered his first defeat at Woerth until September 1st, when he abandoned his command at Sedan to General Ducrot. In former days it was the marshal's custom to saunter about the boulevard, always with his hands in his pockets and a cigar in his mouth. He is older now—he was seventy-one in July last—but his vigor is sufficient to enable him to play the old part once more. Grévy, his successor, is his junior

by nearly four years, a man of equally good habits, though a harder worker. A short, dapper man, with a face smooth shaven, all but a thin fringing of gray whisker; thin firm lips, a square, bald head, gray eyes, and a peremptory voice, he is the incarnation of dignity and presidential authority. Besides, respect is paid him unanimously, by right of a career which has been spotless. M. Grévy is not one of those men who conscientiously alter their opinions to suit their changes of position, and who, after a long life of such healthy see-sawing, can not move a step to the right or left without explaining away a whole ream of speeches delivered against the very step in question. We might take stock of all the political sentiments he ever uttered, and will not find one that would testify against Grévy. Such as he is now, such was he twenty, thirty, forty years ago; always a republican, moderate in sentiment, but ever unyieldingly for the Republic—intelligent and acceptable, not that fierce and chafing thing made up of prickly laws, which sits upon a community like a hair shirt. Opposed to violence in every form, he is just as much the enemy of communistic outbreaks as he is to autocratical illegalities, and we may be sure of a people's government in France under President Jules Grévy, the faithful representative of the National Assembly of 1849, whom the farmers and squires of the country known as the Department of the Jura were proud to call their "Monsieur Jules."

BISMARCK'S LATEST DILEMMA.—The muzzling of the press is no new thing in Germany. More than one poor fellow whose pen dipped too freely into ink has found free lodgings in one of the great fortresses of the blue-coats for months and sometimes even for years. The governments of Prussia, Bavaria, and Austria have been especially attentive to these knights of the pen, and have never allowed an opportunity to pass to vent their spite upon journal and journalist making light of the divine right of kings. We remember well how it was for years the business of certain police officials of Berlin to guard the public peace by keeping watch of the sentiments of the *Volks-Zeitung* and the *Vossische*, more popularly known as *Aunt Voss*. One of the editors of these two papers was more likely to be found at the city prison than at the editorial office, and so if

Holdheim was at the *Volks-Zeitung* rooms, it was well enough to go first to the Molkenmarkt (headquarters of the police) and look for Harade there, rather than climb the stairs of the *Vossische* only to be told that the editor was engaged in public service and would not be in for several days or possibly weeks or months.

These things carry us back to the days after the Revolution of 1849. In 1866 a new and more liberal régime prevailed in Germany, especially in Prussia. The papers spoke pretty much as they listed. But the recent communistic spirit has been brooding so much ill that government has determined to curb all angry passions; and as we muzzle our canines' maxillary capacities during the dog-days, so the court of Germany has proposed not only to muzzle the press but also all public speakers, and particularly its parliamentary orators. Whatever exorbitant demand Bismarck has heretofore made the people have always granted, however much they may have cried out against it at first. But there is a limit to government demands even under the divine right of kings, and Bismarck finds himself at last unable to persuade the German people that they should not have the right of free speech even in Parliament. The time for repressive measures must be past when a Prussian Diet refuses to grant Bismarck's demands.

THE NEW ORDER IN FRANCE.—French Republicanism has always been regarded as a thing without substance, and that it might last for more than a decade not even Thomas Paine, were he here to speak, would pronounce among the possibilities. A wise Frenchman has said that there are three incredible things among incredible things,—pure mechanism of the brute creation, passive obedience, and the infallibility of the pope. We might amend Montesquieu's declaration by saying that in the early nineteenth century the French Republic was put as the fourth among the incredible things. Yet the order of France to-day is for a veritable Republic; and the men have come into power with whom such a thing is possible of accomplishment. That great Frenchman, Thiers, than whom France never had a greater, breathed into the cold and lifeless form of France a new spirit, and we see to-day a wonderful, yes a radical, change

in all things. Montesquieu wrote near the opening of the last century, "*les républiques finissent par le luxe*" (republics come to an end by luxurious habits), and Thiers, taking note of that wise man's utterance, influenced his own generation to abandon the extravagances of the empire, and by habits of industry and economy to usher in a new era. His voice was heard to a purpose. There is not to-day a country on the face of the earth where the upward tendency is more marked. It would be folly to hope for a freedom among men who are savages or who ignore all the inclinations to moral perfection. It were equally foolish not to expect a reasonable success where such positive growth and general diffusion of virtuous habits is manifest as we now behold in France.

THE KAFFIR SUCCESSES.—The war which the English carried into Africa has not resulted as favorably to British arms as one should have expected from the self-assuring manner with which the red-coats set out against the Zulus. Cetiwayo, their chief, has long borne the repute of the most powerful and valiant of the South Africans. But Lord Chelmsford has taken pains to testify to the chief's rightful claim to such distinction. The English Minister of War renounces his faith in the British commander, but whether the people of Britain will think like their war secretary remains to be seen. It is certainly no small matter to see six hundred of a small available force cut down in a day, and the remainder not only weakened and endangered, but what is far worse, the enemy given assurance that the white man is not invincible. Fifteen ships have been promptly purchased and fitted out with re-enforcements; but after all it may turn out that the forty thousand well-disciplined and armed Zulus under their chief's personal leadership can not be sent out of existence at the mere wish of the British war office. And even if in the end Saxon force shall outwit the African, what will come of it? There will be much territory acquired, but whether the unattractive region shall ever be worth the cost is doubtful.

THE NEW QUEEN OF HOLLAND.—When the old king of the Low Countries first proposed to take a young wife there was considerable trouble at the Dutch court. King

William III was born in 1817 and does not consequently make a very young groom; but his age does not stand in the way of his ardor for the woman whom despite court chicanery he has secured. On their arrival at home the king is reported to have addressed the new queen in the following enthusiastic words: "I am delighted to be able to welcome your majesty on the soil of the Netherlands. Your majesty may be proud of the reception with which you have met. As king of Holland, I am deeply moved. Your majesty may rest assured that no queen on earth is, at this moment, richer than you are in love, in honors, and in attachment from a famous, honorable, and faithful people. Long live the Queen of Holland."

BRITISH REVERSES AND SUCCESSES.—The rebuff in Africa forms a strong contrast to the successes in Afghanistan. But the question still remains to be solved whether the costly "imperial policy" of the Disraeli Cabinet will pay after all. For the time being the Afghans seem to have been made aware of the lion's strength; but we recall the fact that thirty years ago the British, when at the height of their successes, suddenly fell a prey to Afghan treachery and thousands died, one only escaping to tell the story of his brothers' disaster. Even now it is reported that although the Afghans retreat before the advancing British columns, these never hold more than the ground they camp on and that no one can walk outside of the British sentries without the risk of being murdered.

MARSHAL ESPARTERO.—Spain has had few great men in recent years. The patriotic soldier and liberal politician whom she lost this year in Espartero was known far beyond the Pyrenees. Indeed, his name is revered wherever popular freedom finds a friend. He had reached the eighty-seventh year of his long and eventful life. Had he died before 1856 he would have created a vacancy hard to fill, but in 1879 he had no public place to vacate, and it was only the pensioned veteran that stepped off the stage of life. 'Tis a pity Espartero did not consent, ten years ago, after the dethronement of Isabella, to leave his quiet residence at Logrono. He might have been president of a Republic and saved Spain the burden of any more kings.

ART.

THE SENATE'S GOOD JUDGMENT.

It is well known that Mrs. Fassett recently finished a painting which she styles "The Electoral Commission," in which she has endeavored to perpetuate the memory of this then unique, and since much abused, Council. Mrs. Fassett has evidently been actuated by patriotic as well as artistic motives in the production of this picture; for she has managed to get the offer of the sale of her canvas before the Senate of the United States for the modest sum of ten thousand dollars. In this she has only joined a somewhat numerous body of patriotic citizens of the same profession, who seem to believe that the nation's history will greatly lack illustration, except as broad canvas or fresco may be spread out in the rotunda or in the halls of our National Legislature. We have had so many of these over zealous patriots of the art school that it may seem strange that a heartless Senate should decline the noble offer of Mrs. Fassett, and judge that the subject may not be such as the good people of this nation will specially desire to commemorate in an ever-present tell-tale picture. It is not, seriously, the price which stood in the way of these sensible men during the debate on the purchase of this picture. No. High art has a value above rubies. Were the question under debate the purchase of an art work which could not be replaced at any future time, were the work that of the foremost artist, and the theme one of high absorbing, and patriotic endeavor, were the subject one by which the national heart had been touched, or some sublime passage in the life of the republic had been perpetuated, no one could hesitate to put such a work in the most conspicuous place in order to inspire and stimulate the best feelings of the citizens who should study it. It is probable, however, that the Senate, in their declination of Mrs. Fassett's generous offer, may have surmised that the "Electoral Commission," the "Returning Boards," the "Potter Investigating Committee," and such like themes, may not be among the foremost means of intensifying patriotism, and increasing the national self-respect. "The Signing of the Emancipation Act" commem-

orates one of the most sublime events in the nation's life. The thought grows holier, the heart beats higher, the hope burns brighter in such a presence as this. But "The Electoral Commission," and all its subsequent concomitants, stifle us with the mephitic vapors of fraud, corruption, partisanship, and trickery. High art should never prostitute itself to such unworthy ends as these, and least of all should the national treasury be depleted to publish in high places the nation's disgrace. All honor to the Senate for declining the patriotic offer of the friends of Mrs. Fassett.

"PRUNES AND PRISMS" IN ART.

AMONG the works of art on exhibition at the Union League Club House, New York City, the other night, was a statuette of Charles Sumner by Miss Whitney, of Boston. If it still remains in the rooms it will be looked at with renewed interest by the members, if this story about it, which reaches us from Boston, be, as we are assured it is on high authority, perfectly true. It is proposed to erect a statue to the late senator in Boston, and the designs were solicited some time since by a committee of gentlemen. The names of the competing artists were to be sent in sealed envelopes, none of them to be revealed until it was necessary the committee should know on whose work their approbation had fallen. This method of selection rather belongs to business contracts, where the market price of goods or labor is involved, than to works where the question to be decided belongs to high culture and a high sense of responsibility in the use of that culture; but where the sealed envelope method is adopted its implied obligation is the same, whether the contract be for street cleaning or naval supplies, pictures or statues. Such is commonplace opinion.

In due time, however, the models and propositions for the Sumner statue were all received. The committee, representatives of so much knowledge, taste, and tone, came together, and brought to bear upon the works of the artists—well, let us say, brought to bear a concentrated Boston. There was proper deliberation, careful examination, critical discussion,

artistic discrimination, and, finally, solemn decision. The committee were of one mind; there was one work that had all excellence; that they unanimously declared was pre-eminently worthy of being produced in marble as a perpetual memorial of the man they revered. They turned to the envelopes, and that one corresponding to the work they had chosen was opened. The name revealed was Miss Whitney. It was this statuette which was to be seen last week at the Union League Club House. Is, then, a life-size statue from this model to adorn some public place in Boston? Oh, no! However solemn the committee may have been with the weight of responsibility in making their choice, they were still more solemn when the opened envelope revealed to what a result all their treasured knowledge of art had led. Miss Whitney! Why, that must be a woman!

It was a shocking revelation to these gentlemen. It would be a shocking reality to Boston. The statue of a man is to be sculptured by a woman! The indelicacy of it! The subversion of all sense of propriety! Think of a woman bringing her mind to bear on the legs of a man, even if those legs were inside a pair of stone trousers; and when, too, as in this case, there was so much legs! Here were involved ethics, aesthetics, all the fitnesses and attributes, divine, human, and eternal; in short, Boston. Unhappily the commendation of Miss Whitney's work could not be withdrawn; but the implied promise in the condition of the sealed envelope could. Miss Whitney, the committee decided, could not be the sculptor of Charles Sumner. What marble would not blush at being fashioned into the shape of a man under eyes and by hands belonging to a woman?—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

ART RECEPTIONS.

THE question, How can men of wealth best stimulate and encourage art, would be answered very differently by the artists themselves. The well-to-do painter might not so much ponder the subject of immediate exchange of art products for bread and butter; while the struggling, rising sculptor would see the directest encouragement to him in the generous purchase of his work. While the vast majority of artists in this country are immediately dependent upon their labors for a livelihood, many feel

the need of galleries of high art where the opportunities of further study may be afforded. In the almost total absence of these we can not but commend the conduct of some of our rich men in opening up their private collections for inspection and study. We notice that W. H. Vanderbilt has recently given art receptions to a large number of invited guests, among whom were the leading painters and art critics of the metropolis. Mr. Vanderbilt has in his collection some of the very best work of modern European artists, among them two Meissoniers, two Gérômes, and one Detaille, all of which have been painted to order, besides representatives from the brush of Cabanel, Zamacois, Dupré, Fortuny, Rosa Bonheur, Alma Tadema, Boldini, Knaus, Eacossura, etc. These choice collections are a grand educational power to that class of our American workers who have never had the great privilege of foreign residence and travel. It is to be hoped that Mr. Vanderbilt will often repeat these receptions, and that other wealthy collectors in various parts of the country may see how much stimulus they may afford our citizens by imitating the good example of Mr. Vanderbilt.

CHRIST'S PASSION IN MODERN ART.

It has been supposed that the modern Christian art of the Protestant Churches has remained almost uninfluenced by the refined and spiritual notion which was associated with the cross by the reformers of the sixteenth century, but that upon another fraction of the Church, the Romish, this exalted influence is still felt in all its strength. To the middle of the seventeenth century, in the department of painting, the feeling of the Renaissance respecting the cross was retained in all its power, and gave rise to some of the most noteworthy works. The tendency to a powerful representation of the genuinely human in the Passion, as was attempted by Fra Angelico and Van Eyck in the middle of the fifteenth century, bore its ripe fruit in all perfection during the two following centuries. To the "Triumphs of the Cross," which, during the Middle Ages, were wrought out in the departments of architecture and sculpture succeeded in the more recent period a brilliant succession of corresponding "Triumphs" in the field of painting. The period from Raphael to Mu-

rillo embraces the highest and best specimens which ecclesiastical art has yet produced in the painting of the crucifixion and passion of our Lord. The great Catholic masters of Italy, Spain, and the Netherlands vied with the Protestant artists of Germany and Holland in profound portrayals of the mystery of redemption. With a Raphael, Correggio, Guido Reni, Rubens, and others, strove Albert Dürer, Lucas Cranach, Hans Holbein the younger, and Paul Rembrandt for the palm of the cross. Among the works in this department most justly celebrated must be reckoned a picture of "The Passion" by Bernardino Luini, a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci; a "Descent from the Cross" by Fra Bartolomeo; a similar one of remarkable power by Daniel Volterra; a "Crucifixion" by Michael Angelo, in which the countenance of the Lord is turned upwards to indicate his victory over death and the grave; a "Burial" by Perugino, the teacher of Raphael; a "Bearing the Cross" by Raphael himself, which seems to have been suggested by a wood engraving of Albert Dürer, or is, at least, very similar in the spirit of its treatment; also the glorification of the victory of Constantine, by means of the sign of the cross, in the battle of the Milvian bridge. Besides these must be mentioned as belonging to the very first rank of similar works the celebrated head of Christ crowned with thorns from the handkerchief of St. Veronica, by Correggio, which has been pronounced the single earnest work and the best of this master; also a "Crown of Thorns" and an "entombment" by Titian; a "Crucifixion" by Tintoretto, most noteworthy on account of its powerful but almost unhealthy pathos. The two Carracci, as well as Guido Reni, have painted most noted representations of Christ crowned with thorns and crucified, among which the painting of the "Crucifixion" by Guido Reni in the gallery at Bologna is most justly noted on account of its most ennobling and impressive character. To these works of the Italian school can be added many equally important paintings of the great Spanish masters—Zurbaran's "Mary and John at the Tomb of the Lord;" Alonzo Cano's "Christ on the Cross," and his "Weeping over the Removal of the Body of the Lord;" best of all, perhaps, the "Embrace of the Crucified One by the enthusiastic, enraptured St. Francis." Master works

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of the first order, representing the same subject, have been produced by the Flemish schools of the seventeenth century. Among these must be reckoned the "Descent from the Cross," by Rubens, in the cathedral of Antwerp, doubtless the completest and noblest work of this genial artist, and among the best paintings of the world. In the number of their successful works the representatives of the Evangelical Church in Germany and Holland can not equal the coryphæi of modern Catholic art, yet in respect to the inner worth of their paintings they are fully the peers of the Romish artists. Indeed, it may be truthfully said that in many respects the Protestant artists of the passion of our Lord excel, especially in simple dignity, subjective truthfulness, and the avoidance of a false pathos and *ad captandum* effects. We only need to repeat the names of Albert Dürer, Lucas Cranach the elder, the younger Holbein, and Rembrandt to substantiate this position.

Thus it appears from this brief catalogue of works that the artists of modern times have not tired of the passion of our Lord as a subject of highest art, but, on the contrary, have laid their highest and best powers of portrayal at the feet of the Crucified One. The north of Europe has furnished suggestions to Italy, and Italy, in turn, has stimulated the North in attempts to represent this greatest, this central event in the world's history. Catholic and Protestant have alike humbly bowed in the presence of this profound mystery, and the purified and chastened imagination has labored to portray its ideal of this divine sorrow, this infinite condescension, this redemptive agony.—*Translated and arranged from Zöckler's "Das Kreuz Christi."*

THE Fathers of Saint Louis, who are settled on the ruins of Carthage, have just prepared a fine map of the site, and have sent a number of copies to the most important public libraries of France, and to some of the foremost French archaeologists. These Fathers have conducted excavations on the site of old Carthage at their own expense; and have purchased all the antiquities the discovery of which has been reported to them. They have thus formed a large collection of Punic and Latin epigraphs, which they are about to present to the Academy of Inscriptions.

NATURE.

PEARLS.—A theory was started at one time that the pearl muscle covered small particles of sand, which accidents had introduced between its shells, with pearly matter for protection. That this is not the case is proved by the fact that, though numberless pearls have been split and sawed through the center, it is very seldom that an imperfection is found, even of the minutest size. The theory of Réaumur is now generally held to be the correct one; and that is, that the pearl is a concretion of juices consequent upon a disease or rupture in the mollusk, without the introduction of any foreign matter. The pearl is merely carbonate of lime, rather harder than calc-spar, of which it has precisely the same chemical composition; but with the addition of films of animal membrane between the many layers of mineral matter that go to form it. It is this animal matter which, when dry, gives to the pearl its hardness. Several genera and species of bivalve mollusks secrete pearls, especially the *Avicula Margaritifera*, or true pearl oyster. It is found that only the old animals produce the gems; the fishers do not look for them or expect to find them in the young and smooth-shelled; the more aged and distorted the shell, the greater the probability of a find of pearls. The pearl muscle (or "oyster," as it is improperly called) has the power of covering with concentric layers of nacre such portions of its wall as need strengthening as well as objects introduced by accident or design. The Chinese and Japanese, taking advantage of this, have long practiced the art of stimulating the secretion of nacre by introducing beads made of spar, or mother-of-pearl; and thus they do actually succeed in forcing the animals to form pearls, although of inferior quality.

CHINESE RICE-PAPER.—The thick, soft, translucent material called Chinese rice-paper is commonly supposed to be made of rice, or some sort of fiber obtained from the rice plant. A recent writer says it is not so made, but is the pith of a *fatsia papyrifera*, sliced thin. The tree grows about twenty feet high, and its pith is an extensive article of commerce in China, for it is used in the manufacture of many arti-

cles, especially toys and artificial flowers. The cylinders of pith exposed on removing the bark and woody fiber are rarely an inch and a half in diameter, and, as the substance is delicate and tender, rare skill and patience are required to cut the whole stick from the circumference to the center into one continuous sheet. A long, thin, very sharp knife is used for this operation. The largest sheets that can be obtained in this way are about fifteen inches long by ten wide. As soon as the sheets are cut they are spread out, all little holes carefully mended, and then they are pressed under weights until dry. The refuse, scraps, etc., go to make pillows; the ordinary sheets are dyed brilliantly, and sold to the flower-makers, while the largest sheets are destined for the foreign market, after being carefully painted by skillful native artists. There is no substance yet discovered that so well represents the delicate petals of flowers as this paper of pith, and it is exported to some extent by artificial flower manufacturers. The tree could no doubt be grown here, as our climate is much like that of China.

BANANAS.—Few people who see bananas hanging in the shops of fruit-dealers think of them as more than a tropical luxury. The fact is they are a staple article of food in some parts of the world; and according to Humboldt an acre of bananas will produce as much food for a man as twenty-five acres of wheat. It is the ease with which bananas are grown that is the great obstacle to civilization in some tropical countries. It is so easy to obtain a living without work that no effort will ever be made, and the men become lazy and shiftless. All that is needed is to stick a sucker into the ground, and it will at once sprout and grow, ripening its fruit in about twelve or thirteen months without further care, each plant having from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five bananas; and, when that dies down after fruiting, new suckers spring up to take its place. In regions where human beings had not before penetrated bananas have been found in all stages of growth, ripening their fruit throughout the whole year.

MILK AS A SOPORIFIC.—According to the *Pharmacist*, it is a frequent practice in the New York Asylum for Inebriates to administer to the patients at bed-time a glass of milk to produce sleep, and the result is often found satisfactory without the use of medicine. It has been recently stated in medical journals that lactic acid has the effect of promoting sleep by acting as a sedative, and this acid may be produced in the alimentary canal after the ingestion of milk. Can this, then, be the explanation of the action of milk on the nervous system after a long continued, excessive use of alcoholic drink? Sugar, also, is capable of being converted in the stomach, in certain morbid conditions, into lactic acid; and a lump of sugar allowed to dissolve in the mouth on going to bed will often soothe a restless body to quiet and repose.

REARING SPONGES.—During the past few years Dr. Oscar Schmidt, Professor of Zoölogy at the University of Grätz, and a well-known authority on sponges, has employed several weeks of the early Summer in artificially producing and rearing the bath sponge. His labors have met with such success that his system has been adopted by the Austrian Government, and is now carried out on the coast of Dalmatia. It has for some time been a well known fact that several families of zoöphytes have such great powers of reproduction that a fragment of one will grow and form an entire new body. Dr. Schmidt has taken advantage of this property, his process being to cut the sponge into pieces, fasten each portion to a pile, and immerse it in the sea. The pieces then grow, and eventually from each one a spherical sponge is obtained. According to the estimate of Dr. Schmidt, a small piece of sponge at the end of three years will represent a value of about ten cents. There is no doubt that the practice of this new industry will prove a source of considerable benefit to the inhabitants of the Idrian and Dalmatian coasts.

THE PLANET MARS.—Professor Lockyer is of the opinion that human life on the planet Mars may be very much like human life on the earth. The light can not be so bright, but the organs of sight may be so much more susceptible, the vision quite as good. The heat is probably less, as the polar snows certainly ex-

tend further, but by no means less in proportion to the lessened power of the solar rays. The professor agrees with others that several remarkable seas—including inland seas, some of them connected and some not connected with still larger seas—are now definable in the southern hemisphere, in which, as in the case also with the earth, water seems to be much more widely spread than in the northern hemisphere. There is, for example, a southern sea exceedingly like the Baltic in shape; and there is another and still more remarkable sea, now defined by the observation of many astronomers, near the equator, a long, straggling arm, twisting almost in the shape of an S laid on its back, from east to west, at least one thousand miles in length and one hundred in breadth.

TENACITY OF LIFE IN A WASP.—Some time ago an experiment was made on the insect above-named in order to know something of sensation in the insects. The wasp was secured, the head severed from the thorax, the thorax from the abdomen. In the thorax all motion seemed to cease in a few moments; but in the head vitality was maintained for several hours, and the motion of the tongue out and in was performed with as much vigor as usual. The abdomen retained vitality for fully four days, and when touched would contract, and the sting be protruded. This seems strange, as the abdomen is farthest removed from the cerebral ganglion.

USES FOR HORSE-CHESTNUTS.—The common horse-chestnut is capable of furnishing several useful products which are regularly manufactured in Europe. The seeds contain over thirty-six per cent of starch, which is easily obtained in the same manner as that made from cereals. Two hundred and forty to two hundred and fifty pounds of the nuts yield one hundred pounds of dry starch. Paste made from the latter is extremely adhesive, and is not attacked by insects; it is, therefore, particularly well adapted for the purpose of book-binders. This starch is also used in the production of certain kinds of distilled liquors.

FABRICS FROM NETTLES.—The cultivation in Germany of the common nettle as a fiber-producing plant is encouraging. A successful beginning has been made in the district of Schwaibach in Bavaria—well known for its

manufacture of cotton, wool, and hosiery—by the establishing of a regularly worked plantation. The system used for the manipulation of the fibers is the same as with hemp. The first gathered harvest proved good above expectation, the products derived from it being of a remarkably fine condition. The tow looked as fine as silk, the textures themselves did not fall short in any way, either in respect to durability or excellence, of those produced from hemp. Extensive tracts of woods have in consequence been marked out by the chief ranger of the forests and woods, and designated for the cultivation of the nettle. Numerous

inquiries have been made from all parts of Germany, Hungary, and from Switzerland respecting the most practical methods for its culture. The Prussian Minister of Agriculture, as an acknowledgment of the result, has given instructions that samples of all the nettle products, from the raw materials to the finest textures, should be deposited at the Agricultural Museum of Berlin and at the Industrial Museum of Cassel. The land-owners in the Wetteran district and the members of the Agricultural Club of Frankfort have resolved that each should set apart an acre of ground for its cultivation.

RELIGIOUS.

CHINESE SPIRITUALISM.—The spirits of the unseen universe are directly invoked by the Chinese, chiefly in cases of illness. In matters which involve merely pecuniary interests such means as planchette and various other indirect ways of consulting the oracle are preferred, being at once simpler and less costly to the inquirer. A man who wishes to learn the probable result of an enterprise he has in view will drop into some road-side temple, and will lay a small fee upon the altar. The attendant priest lights a fresh candle or a new stick of incense, and the suppliant, after making the usual series of prostrations, reverently takes with both hands a kidney-shaped piece of wood, which has been split into two halves, so that each half shall have one flat and one convex side. These are raised above the head and dropped to the ground before the altar, and from the combination which results; namely, (1) two convexes, (2) two flats, or (3) a flat and a convex, a propitious or unpropitious answer is deduced, being, (1) negative, (2) indifferent, (3) affirmative, respectively. The more elaborate method, or that form known in Europe as Spiritualism, is to engage the services of a medium, generally a Taoist priest, whose body is, for the time being, occupied by the god. This state of divine "possession" is brought about in the following manner: The medium takes a seat, while his brother priests or confederates arrange the usual altar, light candles, burn incense and in-

voke the presence of the deity required. After a short interval, one of them advances toward the medium and performs certain movements, apparently mesmeric passes, by which a state of unconsciousness is induced; whereupon the god takes possession of the temporarily unoccupied body. From that moment every word uttered by the medium is held to be divinely inspired, or more properly the very words of the god, who simply uses the medium as his mouth-piece.

THE MENNONITES TO STAY AT HOME.—For the last ten years these Quaker Christians of North-west Russia have come here in quite large numbers and have become valuable accessions to our foreign population. They are a superior people, and we could well afford to bid them all welcome. On Russian soil, where they have now been enriching Livonia for nearly two centuries, they are valued as are the Quakers in Pennsylvania. The stern requisition of the emperor that the Mennonites must do military service has compelled them to leave their homes, as they can not according to the canons of their Church take up arms. But recently the czar seems to have relented of his severity, and now, when nearly one-half of these subjects have left him, he expresses his regret "that so many Mennonites should have gone to America," and adds insinuatingly, "the service we require of you is not a military service, it is not contrary to your con-

cession. We have done what we could for you." It remains to be seen whether the Menonites will believe that the czar had done all he could before half of their brethren left home and friends for a refuge from oppression and intolerance.

A SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS FOR PARIS.—The last novelty in the evangelization of France is the proposed establishment of a school of theology at Paris. American and English Baptists have united in the purpose, and it is intended to give the best facilities to French Protestant young men who desire to have orthodox training. This is carrying the war into France in earnest. For Paris *immersion* is good, but for all France—well, it will take some time before the Baptists can have it all their own way. The Wesleyans are there in full force, and will see to it that Methodism has a share in the faithful propagation of that evangelical Christianity to which the nations on the Continent of Europe are largely strangers. With Martin Institute for Germany and the new Baptist school at Paris, we have reason to hope for blessed things in the near future. We are glad to add that the Baptist school is to have an American for president. It is the Rev. Dr. E. C. Mitchell, of Chicago.

ANOTHER REFORMED CHURCH.—Schisms in great bodies are a matter of course. But what shall we say of a schism in the but recently organized *Reformed Episcopal Church*? The learned Dr. Gregg, of the English Church, who only a short time ago seceded from the Establishment to cast his lot with the Reformed Church, and who was the first bishop of the Reformed on English ground in Europe, has taken it into his head to re-reform, and has founded a Church of his own. His demand for letters of dismissal brought the presiding bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, the Rev. Dr. Fallows, well remembered among us as one of our own brethren in former times, an excellent opportunity to express his disapproval of the English movement under Dr. Gregg, and properly to consider the justice of a seceder's retention both of the name and practices of the body from which he asks to be severed. But whether suffered to go peaceably or not, it is more than likely that Bishop Gregg will retain what he has already assumed to possess

properly. And it really looks as if we are to have hereafter three Reformed Episcopal Churches, for it is not long since a bishop of the Establishment insisted that the Church of England alone is entitled to the name *Reformed*.

DEATH OF HENRY WELLS.—This well-known gentleman was one of our self-made men. He rose from the humblest walks of life, and became an honor and blessing to his country. Had he not been possessed of indomitable courage and industry he would probably have failed in the vast enterprise he developed under the firm name of Wells, Fargo & Co., the express house. We are told by those who knew him personally that he began the express business by carrying the parcels himself until assistance was necessary and the need of such an enterprise as he had projected became fully manifest. When his Summer of life was over, and Autumn was putting on Winter robes, Henry Wells took an inventory of the treasures the Lord had given him, and as freely he had received so freely he gave to those who were less fortunate than himself; and lest laughing heirs should waste the substance in foolish revelry, he cast about for the best ways to make disposition of his fortune. One of his most munificent acts was the founding of a girl's school at Aurora, New York, which now bears his name. It is to be hoped that "Wells College" will have an efficient management and develop to be worthy of the illustrious name it has received.

THE LATE GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ.—One of the great leaders of the antislavery movement in England has at last gone the way of all the earth. But we wish all men could leave behind them such a record of noble deeds of self-sacrifice. Not alone was he, as John Bright has been pleased to testify, "the real liberator of the slaves in the British colonies," but he was also one of the boldest advocates of the negro's freedom on our own shores. What a memorable day in our antislavery struggle that 21st of October, 1835, will remain! There are those who remember how the mob then gathered at Boston to bring George Thompson "to the tar kettle before dark." William Lloyd Garrison remembers well the whole occurrence, and writes of it in *Harper's Weekly* (December 21, 1878, p. 1009).

GROWTH OF THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—While the Anglican and the Reformed and the Re-reformed bishops are disputing the proprietorship of the title "Reformed," the Church founded by Bishop Cummins takes firm footing not only in our own country and in Canada, but also in England. Only very recently the arch-bishop of Canterbury having refused license to a number of seceders from the parish of Sidcup, for a new Church, the members unanimously resolved to open it as a Reformed Episcopal Church. The secession took place in consequence of dissatisfaction with the vicar, and an iron church has been erected which seats about three hundred and fifty persons. The building was crowded on the occasion of the dedication. This is the first Reformed Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Canterbury.

A VERITABLE ELIJAH.—The people of Folkestone, England, enjoys the companionship of an extraordinary person calling himself "Elijah the Prophet." He goes about dressed in sheepskins, and carries above his head a printed placard bearing the words: "I am Elijah the Prophet," and quoting from Malachi as his authority, "Behold, I will send you Elijah the Prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." He has addressed several gatherings and has a notion that England has some connection with the Ten Lost tribes. An attempt was recently

made to punish him for causing an obstruction in the streets, but the magistrates dismissed the charge.

MISCELLANY.—Now when Church almanacs are issued by every religious denomination of the land and are a household article of general use—the *vade mecum* of the Christian family—it may be well to call to mind the fact that the year 1704 saw the first of its kind in America, and that William Bradford is the man to whom we are indebted for the first American Church almanac.

—Since 1850 the Romanists have more than doubled in the States. Then we had about three millions, now we have nearly six and a half millions, and still they come.

—Professor Heim predicts the downfall of the Cologne Cathedral before the close of the present century on account of the crumbling of the stone in the pillars and foundations. One of the noblest specimens of Gothic architecture would be lost in this structure, which has been rearing for six hundred and thirty years and has never seen completion.

—Eight thousand worshipers in attendance weekly at a Protestant house of worship is no small item for notice. Time was when the Romish Church alone could claim to have such attention. But then France is republican now, supports a Protestant daily paper, and has a M'All to preach the Gospel as it is written, and that accounts for much.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.—This very learned English doctor—best known as plain Sam Johnson—was a man only like unto himself. In all the eighteenth century he stood alone. He is not to be compared to any one else, for he imitated no one, and he was himself imitable. The best things he did of any kind were all expressions of himself. His poems, "London" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes," many parts even of his biographies, like his "Life of Savage," almost all his moral essays of any value, and above every thing his brilliant conversation, were all shadows or reflections of that large and dictatorial, but in

the main, benign character which he stamped on all he did. Of his companions and contemporaries, all but himself won their fame by entering into something different from themselves. Burke by his political sagacity, Garrick by imitating men and manners, Goldsmith by reflecting them, Reynolds by painting them, Boswell by devoting his whole soul to the full portraiture of Johnson. But Johnson became great by concentrating his power in himself, though in no selfish fashion, for he concentrated it even more rigorously in his unselfish tastes. As his recent biographer, Mr. Leslie Stephen, has put it, "His character was

one the surface of which was safe against rust, or any other moral encroachment by things without." And it is this capacity for not only making this visible, but for making it visible by a sort of electric-shock of surprise, which announces his genius for expelling any threatening influence that constitutes the essence of his humor. It was this quality, almost as much as his great wit and strength of conversation, which made him the literary dictator of his time, and it is in this quality that our own day needs his example most. No matter what the subject was, nor what was to be the logical or analogical consequence of his confession of his own belief, whether he were to be called cold-hearted for confessing (perhaps mistakenly) that he should not eat one bit of plum-pudding the less if an acquaintance of his were found guilty of a crime and condemned to die, or were to be branded as grossly inconsistent for admiring such a "bottomless whig" as Burke, or were to be taxed with ridiculing Garrick one day as a mere trick-playing monkey, and defending him vigorously the next when attacked by some one else,—Johnson was always determined to be himself, and always was himself.

HOW SAM JOHNSON WROTE AN EPITATH.—Louis François Roubilliac, the eminent French sculptor, spent a considerable portion of his life in England. He was on very intimate terms with the notables of that country in the first half of last century. One day the famous sculptor was introduced to the illustrious but eccentric Johnson. He was then living in Gough Square, Fleet Street,—the literary resort of London. The artist's object was to prevail on Johnson to write an epitaph for a monument on which he was engaged for Westminster Abbey. Johnson received the stranger with much civility, especially as he was introduced to him by Sir Joshua Reynolds. He took him up into a garret, which the prodigy of learning used to consider as his library. Besides a lot of books all covered with dust, there was in this room an old crazy deal table, and an old arm-chair, with only three legs. In this chair Johnson seated himself, after having placed it securely against the table on that side where the leg was deficient. He then took up his pen and demanded what his visitor wanted him to write. Roubilliac began a bombastic and ridiculous harangue on what he thought

should be the kind of epitaph most proper for the purpose; all of which the doctor very patiently wrote down, in his usually fine and strictly correct language. The conceited Frenchman continued to dictate. Johnson, in the conscious superiority of his powers, finally tired and broke out in an angry and peremptory tone of voice: "Come, come, sir, let us have no more of this bombastic, ridiculousrodomontade; but let me know in simple language, the name, character, and quality of the person whose epitaph you intend to have me write." It is fortunate for our irrepressible interviewer that Dr. Johnson lived a hundred years ago.

RELICS OF "YE OLDEN TIMES."—It has been generally supposed that the *Horton House* at Southold, Long Island, which is said to have been built in 1639, is the oldest structure remaining perfectly preserved from the colonial period. But a recent discussion on this subject has revealed a senior by a few years. At Greenbush, across the Hudson River from the city of Albany, there still stands a house built of brick imported from Holland, and in an excellent state of preservation. It was erected by a Van Rensselaer, the *Patroom*, as they then called the owner of an estate granted, in the early opening of the seventeenth century, under that special law which the Dutch Government passed after it had laid claim to the land adjoining the river which Hudson discovered in 1609. As nearly as can be ascertained from the records this Van Rensselaer homestead was erected in 1635. It is two-storied, has a gambrel roof, and a "lean-to" on the rear, bringing the eaves on that side down within reach of the hand. There are stones set in the walls of the lower story, pierced with holes to permit the inmates to fire with their muskets upon any prowling savages who might venture near enough. Altogether it reminds us of "Ye olden times," when what is now "Rensselaer County" was not quite as safe from the intrusions of the red man as it is to-day, and when every house was not only a house but a fortress as well.

THE WEAKNESS OF WORDS.—Words are necessary evils! We should be much happier if we could do without them. Who has not been painfully conscious of emotions no words could convey? If we had some power of im-

pressing others with emotions and thoughts, just as they impress us, without words, but with some native inborn magnetism, how much more eloquent and earnest we would be! Gestures are only the effort of pent-up thoughts striving in vain for utterance. If we have more to say than we have words to express, we motion with the arms, fingers, head, body, and feet, and so convey more thought than we possibly could with words alone. We hear of the "speaking eye" the "beaming countenance," proving that there is a language higher than ordinary speech, which must live in the atmosphere of unadulterated thought. Many have long sought for a universal alphabet, and far down in the depths of the old languages they have tried to find its remains; but as yet no certain results have been reached. Nature has a language whose words are continually spoken, and yet clearly understood by all nations alike. But while she is full of voices; she has also a written language. The heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth are full of a language of their own. It requires a student of nature to read it; but it can be read.

ANCIENT ROME EXCAVATED.—The excavations in the valley of the Forum at Rome have now disclosed the whole of the Via Sacra between the Temple of Antoninus and Faus-

tina and the Arch of Titus, with the buildings that lined it. Some of these buildings were already known; nothing, however, was known as regards the parallelogram between the Via Sacra, the base of the Palatine Hill, the Forum, and the Arch of Titus. A great mistake was made by old topographers who placed in that narrow strip of land the temple and atrium of Vesta, the Regia, the Temple of Jupiter Stator and the house of Tarquinius. The parallelogram in ancient days contained only a line of commonplace buildings of brick strengthened at the corners with blocks of travertine. The fronts of the buildings receded a little from the line of the street, and the space thus was filled with honorary monuments. Among these monuments are noticed the following: (a) a pedestal for a bronze statue, raised A. D. 339, by Fabius Titianus, consul and prefect of Rome; (b) a pedestal for a statue, raised A. D. 335, to Constantius by Flavius Leontius, prefect of Rome; (c) a kind of small triumphal arch (or shrine) made at the expense of the inhabitants of Tarsus; (d) the pedestal of an equestrian statue, raised, very likely, to one of the Constantines; (e) some fragments of the Forum Fabianum; (f) a fragment of the fasti triumphales from the year 643 to 649; the victories mentioned are those in Macedonia, in Western Spain, and in Numidia, and King Jugurtha is expressly named.

LITERATURE.

THE varied, brilliant, and in some sense, erratic career of Rev. George David Cummins, successively Methodist "circuit rider," Episcopalian rector, then a bishop, and lastly founder of the "Reformed Episcopal Church," affords matter for a lively and instructive memoir, and such is that now given to the public from the pen of his widow.* The son of a worthy Delaware farmer, he grew up among influences decidedly Methodistical, and in due time became a student in Dickinson College, where he was converted in good old Methodist fashion, evidently getting hold of the real root of the matter. In due time he became a

Methodist preacher within the Baltimore Conference, for two years traveling large circuits as second junior preacher, in Maryland and Virginia, being much addicted to camp-meetings and revivals. But as his two years of probation drew towards the end, he determined to change his Church relations and to seek ordination in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The only reason given for that action is a preference for a settled pastorate, rather than an itinerancy, though, in fact, his after removals were scarcely fewer than probably would have been the case had he continued where he began. First, he was assistant minister at Christ's Church, Baltimore, then rector at Norfolk, Virginia, for six years; after that at Richmond, and in less than two years away

* MEMOIR OF GEORGE DAVID CUMMINS, First Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church. By his Wife. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 8vo. Pp. 644.

to Washington, and after a little more than a year and a half there, he was called for from New York; but the negotiations failed, and only a few months later came an invitation to Baltimore, which was accepted. Here he remained (having, in the mean time, considered, but at length declined, a call to San Francisco) for about three years, and then he removed to Chicago, whence in less than three years, he was called to the episcopacy as assistant bishop of Kentucky. To this work he gave seven years of earnest services, and then left it, near the end of 1873, to assume the headship of a new ecclesiastical organization, and three years later he ceased at once to work and live. Of Bishop Cummins's work, and especially his last and most memorable movement, it is yet too soon to speak; respecting his personal character and his religious life and experience there can be but one opinion among those who know how to estimate the evidences of true piety, while in respect to the rightfulness and the expediency of his separation from the Protestant Episcopal Church, and his setting up another and rival denomination, much may be said on both sides. Our own verdict would be that he made a mistake when he left the communion of his earliest consecration to Christ; that finding himself in a ritualistic and semi-Romanist body, he did well to quit it; but we are not so sure that he would not have done well to find a religious home without adding yet another to the over many ecclesiastical bodies in the land.

The book is exceedingly well written, and quite free from the faults that usually mar biographies prepared by near relatives. It can not fail to be acceptable to those who reverence the memory of their departed bishop.

BISHOP SIMPSON'S *Yale Lectures*, which were at first delivered to large and appreciative audiences, and then printed in full or in large parts in a great many of the religious papers of the country, now appear in a volume.* The estimate accorded them by their hearers has been very generally seconded by their readers, and there need be no question that in their more permanent form they will meet with an equally favorable reception.

*LECTURES ON PREACHING. Delivered before the Theological Department of Yale College. By Matthew Simpson, D. D., etc. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 12mo. Pp. 336.

As a preacher and as a popular lecturer the Bishop had no need of increased reputation; but as a lecturer from the professional chair he was comparatively unknown, and some of his friends were not without their fears that in his hitherto untried position he might not equal himself in others. The result, however, has effectually dispelled those fears; the lectures have stood the test of criticism, and stand approved by the almost unanimous voice of the public. They are, indeed, less formal and stately than such lectures usually have been, nor are they characteristically either philosophical or doctrinal discussions. It has been well said of them, that "he told the students what he knew about preaching in a plain and entertaining way," and evidently they were pleased, and, no doubt, greatly profited, by what he told them. The personal element (*egotism* it might be called, were it possible to eliminate every vestige of offensiveness from that word) is ever present, and it gives them a piquancy and warmth at once pleasant and instructive. Not the least valuable lesson given by these lectures is their practical demonstration of the superior effectiveness of direct personal addresses over elaborate discussions simply delivered in the presence of the hearers.

In their new and permanent form these lectures can not fail to exercise an extended and altogether happy influence wherever they shall be used; and that they will be extensively used, especially among the younger Methodist ministers, is quite certain. They come in good time to counteract any possible tendency that may arise in our theological schools to give up the old-fashioned Methodist mode of preaching, for the more artificial but less effective methods of the schools.

CHURCH histories, even more than civil and political ones, are nearly always partisan, and usually intensely so in proportion to the pretentiousness of the bodies delineated. This is seen in the histories of the Church of England written by churchmen, and still more so, in the histories of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. All this we find illustrated in a work covering these two subjects, just now published. Originally an English work, it is reproduced in this country, with about a hundred additional pages, giving a

rapid and succinct sketch of THE Church in America.* With the author's positions properly understood, it becomes an easy matter to make the proper allowances for the aberrations of his statements, which are still a valuable record of facts, and even a felicitous ordering of the course of events for intelligent study and understanding. Though necessarily succinct in its delineations, it is still comprehensive and sufficiently full for general use, never losing sight of the necessity that the Church's case must be so stated that its utmost pretensions shall suffer no damage. The sketch of the "American Church" here given is much more one-sided than that of the English, because of its greater necessity for self-assertion, seeing it is only one of the lesser (numerically) of the American sects, and, therefore, is in constant danger of being overlooked, instead of being recognized as, it aspired to be, as the "National Church" of the United States. Since every one who seeks to be expert in such matters has need of a well-ordered digest of the history of every considerable branch of the whole Church, this book may find a place in many private libraries of both clergy and laity.

THE fifth of the volumes of Joseph Cook's lectures, *Heredity*, has been issued by his Boston publishers.* With these lectures, as they have been heard and read in the newspapers, the public is already acquainted. The subject especially discussed in the lectures that make up this volume, is at once difficult and of great interest both speculative and practical. In it, perhaps, will be found the solution of some of the vexed and intricate questions that gather about the subjects of life and morals and recompense. The moral philosophy and the theology of physiology are still unresolved departments of thought.

The question begins to be asked whether Mr. Cook is sustaining, in the present course of

lectures, the reputation he had before acquired; and probably the prevailing answer must be a negative one. And this must be the case even though there may be no falling off in the intrinsic worth of the later series. The public expectation is less intense than before, and the element of newness and surprise which gave so sharp zest to Mr. Cook's earlier lectures are wanting in these. Perhaps, too, the lecturer himself feels the changed temperature of the popular atmosphere that surrounds him, and out of which the speaker must draw, no insignificant portion of his inspiration.

WOMEN make good travelers into out-of-the-way countries and places, and equally good writers of books of travels. We have a case in proof of both of these points in the recently published work on "The Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates,"* by Lady Anne Blunt, just from the press of the Harpers. Lady Blunt accompanied her husband, during last Winter and Spring (1877-8), in a wildly adventurous excursion among the roving tribes of the Eastern Arabian Deserts, to Bagdad and Palmyra and the regions round about,—sharing its hardships and enjoying its excitements, and carefully noting the many interesting facts that fell under her notice. It was an almost entirely unexplored field into which she came and also rich in the kind of spoils that intelligent tourists most value, and she evidently brought with her keen powers of perception, and great cleverness in adapting herself to her surroundings. She is also certainly good at diplomacy, an art in which women are said to excel; and best of all, aided by her husband, she studied the places and things that came under her notice with the eye of a philosopher, deducing valuable conclusions or suggesting probable theories respecting the history, geography and ethnology of the regions of Northern Arabia,—among the oldest of the historical parts of the earth, and yet almost, the least known. It is a pleasant book, worth more than a wagon-load of novels.

THE Harpers have added to their series of "Greek and Latin Texts," of which hereto-

* A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. FROM the Accession of Henry VIII, to the Silencing of Convocation in the Eighteenth Century. By G. G. Perry, A. M., Canon of Lincoln and Rector of Waddington. With an Appendix, Containing a Sketch of the History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. By J. A. Spencer, S. T. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 690.

† BOSTON MONDAY LECTURES. HEREDITY. With Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Company. 12mo. Pp. 228.

* BEDOUIN TRIBES OF THE EUPHRATES. By Lady Anne Blunt. Edited, With a Preface and some Account of the Arabs and their Horses, by W. S. B. Map and Sketches by the Author. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 445.

fore nearly twenty volumes have appeared, comprising many of the very best of the classics, *M. Tullii Ciceronis de Natura Deorum, de Divinatione, de Fato. Recognovit Reinholdus Klotz*. The text, which alone is given, without note or comment, is, first of all, carefully edited, and then clearly and handsomely printed. The sight of these books makes one wish for the leisure to rub up his almost forgotten school lore, and read Cicero and Plato for the simple love of it. 18mo. Pp. 271.

WE have come to suspect our own susceptibility to the finer, or rather the fainter, expressions of poetic numbers. Whole masses of manuscript verses come to hand, which evidently their writers suppose to be poetry, in which, however, we fail to detect even a trace of that element. And now to confirm our suspicion of our own incompetency comes from one of our best publishing houses, a neat little † volume, put up in the best style of the Riverside Press; filled with well-rendered verses, which the title-page names "Poems." On reading we find them, for the most part, written according to the canons of prosody, as we learned them from the books in our school-days; but they bring to our dull sensibilities neither the blare of the bugle nor the gentler tintinnabulations of the Jew's-harp. And yet it is clear that we have not lost all the poetry of the soul; for we find it still responding to the notes of Homer and Virgil, of Milton and Byron. It is, however, in respect to the finer notes of our

later bards that we are compelled to confess that the "daughters of music are brought low." Evidently, "Anacreon, thou art growing old."

MR. ROLFE continues to add to his already long list of "English Classics," chiefly Shakespeare's plays, each a complete volume; *Romeo and Juliet*,* edited with notes, and moderately but finely illustrated, being the last installment. For a thorough and intelligent study of Shakespeare we know nothing else quite equal to these elegant little volumes. They constitute together a comprehensive Shakespearean library.

AMONG the later issues of the National Temperance Society is a volume (18mo. Pp. 357), entitled *Firebrands*. A Temperance Tale. By Julia M'Nair Wright. A good and readable volume.

DODD & MEAD have recently published a novel (12mo. Pp. 340). *Signing the Covenant, and What it Cost*. By Martha Finlay, a name that will be recognized as that of the author of the "Elsie Books," and that fact will prove a sufficient incentive to its readings.

HARPERS' *Franklin Square Library* has as late issues, (42.) "The Last of Her Line." By the author of "St. Olaves." (43.) "Vixen." A Novel. By Miss M. E. Bradden.

HARPERS' *Half-Hour Series* offers among its latest (97.) "Afghanistan." By A. G. Constable 32mo. Pp. 70. (99.) "The Awakening." By Katharine S. Macquoid. 32mo. Pp. 74.

EX CATHEDRA.

LENT.

WHILE we are writing these sentences large portions of the nominal Christian Church are engaged in the special observances of "Lent." The fact itself is a significant one, and because of our respect for every thing religious, even though tainted with superstition, if only sincerely and devoutly held and done, we would not criticise any of these things severely. Doubting, as we may, much that is held and taught about this conventional ob-

servance, we still find in it some things to commend. It is well for religious people to have appointed seasons for special and increased religious activities. We are commanded to "pray without ceasing;" and yet it is good to have special times and seasons for prayer. The true Christian devotes all his days to God's service, and yet he finds it to his advantage specially to sanctify "the Lord's day." So it is well for individual Christians and for religious bodies to set apart certain seasons for

† POEMS OF HOUSE AND HOME. By John James Platt. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Company. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET. Edited with Notes. By William J. Rolfe, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. Square 16mo. Pp. 222.

special and more abundant religious exercises. The religious life, both personal and associated, requires for its maintenance and growth special as well as ordinary and continuous means of grace. We are not, therefore, at all inclined to think lightly of the observance of Lent, for we believe that if used aright, and its abuses carefully guarded against, it may be rendered useful, and become promotive of a better religious experience.

And yet we find it impossible to escape from certain doubtful questionings respecting the range of things thus brought into notice; and to these answers of some kind must be given. About the historical character and the ecclesiastical authorization of these observances we have no concern. If they are really good, that is sufficient; and if they are not intrinsically excellent no amount of ecclesiastical authorization can make them other than worthless. Considered simply as a conventional appointment of an annual season for special religious exercises, or "protracted meetings," we incline to think well of Lent, and its simultaneous observance among the Churches may have its advantages, though what may be the best time of the year in some places may seem especially inopportune in others. But with these details we are not much concerned.

We are much more interested in the methods of keeping this "fast," and with its associated practices; and, indeed, we find some unanswered questions lying at the very foundation of the theory of voluntarily assumed religious austerities which concern all classes of Christians.

Abundant experience has shown that all formulated ritualism tends strongly to a heartless formalism. Within the designated term the proper austerities must be observed; but whatever is not "nominated in the bond" may not be required; and by way of self-compensation taken in advance, the orgies of the carnival are allowable, as the prelude to this protracted season of self-denial, and *sorrowing for sin*. Even in the presence of our pervading Protestantism the weeks preceding Lent are coming to be recognized as "the season of gayety." For the time Fashion gives the reins to Pleasure; and again the time comes when the same authority commands her votaries to play at religion for a season. Down to the evening preceding the day for putting on sack-

cloth and ashes (Ash-Wednesday), and closing with the revels of *Mardi-gras*, the world's gayeties may be clutched, and the pleasures of sin rolled under the tongue as a sweet morsel, and then, with the most solemn mock-show religion in its most sacred forms—penitence, humiliation, and prayer is in vogue, for a little while.

There are no doubt individual exceptions, we trust not a few, to this religious mumming; truly devout persons, who having all along lived religiously, now use this season for self-examination and renewals of consecration to God's services. But since real piety is never ostentatious these are not specially observable in the fashionable multitude. The ecclesiastical prescriptions for this so-called "fast" are not especially edifying. They are full of discrimination and seeming self-denials and mortifications; but with exceptions enough to allow canonical surfeitings even among the pretended austerities. To the poor and ill-fed the imposed abstinence from their usual and only attainable diet is no doubt a severe privation, made all the more so because of their heavy and exhausting labors. But for the rich and well-to-do, it is only passing from one form of diet to another, the exchanging of the "fat of the land," for "the abundance of the sea." The likeness of this kind of mock-fasting to that so fearfully rebuked by Isaiah, is quite obvious, and also to that against which Christ cautioned his disciples, "Is this the fast that I have required of you? saith the Lord."

But some one may ask, What is the proper Scriptural and Christian law of fasting? and the question is much easier to ask than to answer. Nearly all orders of Christians include it among their accepted duties, and pretend to maintain its practice, but its *rationality* does not seem to be very well determined. It is a *moral* duty, or rather exclusively religious and devotional? Does our Christianity enjoin voluntary austerities and self-imposed penitences? Is it not about time that these questions should be asked and answered among us?

APROPPOS to this matter of fasting, a case occurred at one of our recent conference sessions that was especially suggestive. In the examination of candidates for admission into full

connection in the conference, the question is propounded to each, and an affirmative answer is expected, "Will you commend fasting or abstinence by precept and example?" To that question, as propounded in the ordinary course of the examination, one of the candidates replied that he had not been in the practice of fasting, nor was he satisfied as to its being any part of a Christian's duty. Then followed an informal argument by the bishop, which seemed to go no further than to urge that it might be profitable occasionally to set apart a day for special religious exercises, when it would be well to so far abstain that any tendency to dullness from excessive eating and drinking, might be avoided; and this the candidate was not disposed to question, and so the rather awkward affair was gotten over. But we could not but ask mentally, whether this is all that is intended by a question, asked with so much emphasis among circumstances so grave and solemn, as are those that surround one assuming the vows of the Christian ministry. What, then, are the covenanted obligations of a Methodist minister respecting "fasting or abstinence?"

NEAR FUTURE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE familiar saying that "coming events cast their shadows before them" is perhaps vaguely correct, though such shadows are often neither clear nor definite in their outlines. In respect to our nearest and most intimately related European neighbor, such shadows are just now unusually dark and long, compelling even the least imaginative to become prophetic. Men now living have seen very wide changes take place in almost every thing in which the British people and nation have an interest, and whither these changes are tending and what is to be their outcome, are questions which many are beginning to ask, and to which no satisfactory answers are given. Rome conquered the world through lust for military glory, and, becoming rich from the spoils of the conquered nations, she sunk into luxurious riotousness and effeminacy, and at length fell an easy prey to the northern barbarians. Great Britain is only secondarily a military nation. Her industries, her fields and workshops and her merchant fleets, have been for three hundred years her first concern; but in caring for these she has become the first naval

power in the world, and the greatest planter of colonies and possessor of foreign dependencies. And these have at length grown to such enormous proportions that they seriously threaten to unsettle the balance of the nation's affairs—perhaps to cause them to fall to pieces by their own weight.

Until within comparatively a few years the agricultural interests of Britain were the dominant ones. The landed aristocracy were the rulers of the kingdom, dictating its legislation, and fashioning both its domestic and its foreign policy. Its own broad fields produced most of the needed supply of food for its people, and so the growth of manufactures and the increase of the artisan classes, by forming an increased demand for the products of agriculture, were welcomed by the very class that they have since superseded and supplanted in the interests of the government. But contemporaneously with this reign of agriculture was the growth and effectiveness of foreign commerce. For a long time these three forms of industry—agriculture, manufactures, and commerce—mutually aided each the others, and by their co-operation very greatly enhanced the wealth of the country. The productiveness of the soil was stimulated to its utmost capabilities by the united action of high prices and abundant capital. The manufacturing interest was quickened and enlarged a hundred-fold by the increased demands for its fabrics, and the multiplied productiveness of improved machinery and mechanical skill. British commerce also felt and very kindly responded to the demands and opportunities brought to its hands, and by rapid advances spread itself over every sea and coast upon the earth's surface. It thus came to pass that at the beginning of the last quarter of the nineteenth century the British nation held in its own hands the industrial interests of the whole world.

And yet even then one of these was evidently slipping out of her hands, and this incipient decay of power is just at the root from which all these combined powers have grown. The agricultural interests of Great Britain have fallen hopelessly behind its manufactures and commerce; and the country has become very largely dependent upon foreign countries for the provisions by which its increasing millions are to be fed, and for the raw materials to be

consumed in its manufactories. The balance of mutual interests in its trinity of industries has thus become unsettled, and the stability of the existing order of things endangered. The agricultural capabilities of the United Kingdom, which can not be much increased, is equal to only about half the demands of the population for food. For the raw materials for two of its principal textile fabrics, cotton and silk, it is wholly dependent on foreign lands, and the same is partly the case as to its wool. Its domestic supply of timber is almost entirely exhausted, and can not be replaced at a price to compete with foreign supplies, and even its mines of coal and iron, which have been beyond all else the stays of both its manufacturing interests and its commerce, can compete only at great disadvantage with the inexhaustible resources of other countries. From these facts the outlook for the future of British ascendancy in the world's industries is not entirely free from manifest perils.

Great Britain has been for three hundred years, beyond any other country of modern times, addicted to the planting of colonies and the maintenance of foreign dependencies. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries most of the maritime powers of Europe engaged in that kind of business; but while all the rest have, for a variety of reasons, drawn out of it, she has gone steadily forward, increasing indefinitely her foreign dependencies in both hemispheres and in all the longitudes of the land and sea. That which in the days of the Tudors or of the Protectorate, was a compact, insular nationality, has become a vast political polypus, whose antennæ embrace the whole globe, present alike in every port of the world, with its powers and susceptibilities, its capabilities to harm and to be harmed. The idea of the seven heads of the hydra, or the hundred arms of Briareus, is that of increased power and capacity for action; but in this extension of local domains there is a vastly enlarged exposure to harm without a corresponding increase of the means of self-defense. It is possible that a great empire should become weak by reason of its vastness, as was clearly the case with Rome under the Cæsars. Whether or not Great Britain is approaching that condition is a question of vast significance, and one that may be much more readily asked than

answered. Her wisest publicist and her truly patriotic statesmen are asking that question, which none are found able to answer satisfactorily. Great Britain is still the first commercial country in the world. It has an abundant supply of capital, with ships and other means of transportation beyond account, with its "factories" in every part of the world, and an every-where present consular system for the protection of its commerce. Nor is there any sign of decay in all this, or of danger of decay, except from either one or both of two causes. There may be some doubt whether such a gigantic and wide-spread system can continue to be financially profitable, and if not, it will naturally and necessarily decline. Or, on the other hand, it may be questionable, after the failure of the agricultural independence of the kingdom, should its manufacturing supremacy also be lost, whether it would be possible to continue its commercial superiority. But just now the question of questions in Great Britain (and it is one that permeates the entire political and social structure of the nation) is that of the future of its manufacturing interests.

These interests require a large resident population; and, accordingly, simultaneously with their growth the population of England has nearly doubled. And a large population requires a correspondingly large food supply. The successful prosecution of these interests requires not only skilled artisans, which she has, but also that they shall be able to work for small wages, and this last can be only where the chief articles of living are cheap. But cheapness in breadstuffs and provisions can be secured only by bringing producers and consumers close together; it can not be where these bulky articles have to be transported at great expense over thousands of miles by steam power. The true measure of wages in any place is not a money-gauge, but the food producing power of labor; and, therefore, the relative failure of British agriculture must increase the cost of all other forms of industry in that country. Since the price of food is much less in this country than in England, a lower rate of wages may rule here, and yet the laborer or artisan be better paid—that is, better housed and fed. Such is no doubt the state of the case, and its influence will continue to operate, slowly perhaps, yet steadily depressing

the industry of the one and elevating that of the other, and by degrees it must transfer the persons concerned from the one country to the other. Wages may rule lower here than in England without relative loss to those who receive them; and in this item of the lower cost of production our manufacturers will have a decided advantage over their competitors in the world's markets.

Hitherto the failure of Great Britain's home supply of some of the chief raw materials for its manufactures, because of the small proportion of the cost of these as compared with the value of the finished fabrics, has not been very seriously felt. But with the cheapening of nearly all kinds of fabrics, occasioned by improved machinery and other methods of production, this proportion has become relatively large. The actual decline of the products of the British coal-fields, and the consequent increased cost of their production, which extends also to the trade in iron, two of the chief articles in the manufactures and commerce of the times, while both these articles are in this country as abundant and almost as cheap as the stones by the wayside, must seriously affect the trade in these articles. The cheapness of the prime articles of living in this country makes a low rate of wages possible without oppressing the laboring classes; and with abundant raw materials obtainable at lower rates than is possible elsewhere, there would seem to be no good reason why the unemployed operatives of Europe should not remove their domiciles a little nearer to the food supply. And with the loss of every self-supporting subject the home kingdom of the queen is made poorer. The "empire" beyond the original British Islands has other and rival interests, and, quite possibly, these scions may yet help to destroy the parent stock.

The history of nations indicates that only such properties and industries as can not be removed, are compatible with continuous national prosperity. And because the English operative classes have but very little direct interest in the real and local property of the country, quite the opposite of the state of things in France, there is always the possibility of their removal to more favorable localities. With their intelligence and freedom it is quite certain that they will do so. Hitherto the motives for change of place have not been

sufficiently strong to become widely effective; but with the changes now occurring, another order of things appears to be imminent. And possibly the highest interests of humanity will be thereby advanced. British influences over the world have no doubt been, on the whole, for the good of mankind, and it would be a world-wide calamity should those influences cease to be felt. But most of these will survive and continue to spread when the overshadowing power of the little islands shall have greatly declined, and when the ruling elements of the national character, by which British civilization and Christianity have become a blessing to the whole world, shall be no longer national, but cosmopolitan. Rome, Greece, and Egypt have each left valuable legacies to humanity, that remain as vital forces long after the decay of those peoples; and if a like fate is in store for Britain, she too will bequeath to mankind a heritage infinitely more valuable than any other nation has done.

NOTE FROM REV. F. MERRICK.

THE following letter was forwarded to Rev. Dr. Wise, by its writer, at the date given. Its spirit and matter appear to us alike admirable, and we are happy in being permitted to lay it before our readers.

DELAWARE, O., Feb. 24, 1879.

MY DEAR BROTHER WISE.—I want to say to you how pleased I am with your articles in the *REPOSITORY* on the "Science of Missions." Reversing the order of Brother Sites's formula, I most heartily indorse it as expressing the true science of the missionary enterprise—*self-propagation, self-support, self-government*—that is, after our work has been fairly initiated. I am especially pleased with what you say in reference to the self-government of mission Churches. Away with the idea of an ecumenical Methodism. I fear it has its origin in denominational pride. As a plea for unity, it is fallacious; it tends rather to division by rendering more pronounced denominational differences in foreign lands, where, for one, I could wish that the denominational feeling was so weak that evangelical Protestant missions could blend into one truly Catholic Church.

We must give more freedom to our missionaries and to the mission Churches. What in doctrine and order is clearly imposed by Scriptural authority must be retained; but what is the outgrowth of habits of thought and outward circumstances should be very elastic, readily yielding and adapting itself to new con-

ditions. It will not do to put our mission Churches into strait-jackets which have been fitted to our circumstances. To do so will be to restrict the liberty they have in Christ. It will hamper them in their action, and unavoidably limit their efficiency. Better, as you say, "to leave every nation to adopt such ecclesiastical organizations as may appear to them, if not to us, best adapted to their idiosyncrasies and circumstances." Some errors of doctrine may creep in and some mistakes in polity may obtain; but these, under the teachings of experience, and the guidance of the Spirit, will be likely to be, in time, eliminated; or, if not, may prove less harmful than unwise restraint imposed from without. On the other hand, may we not expect that the truth cast into this fresh soil, if left sufficiently free, will develop into new forms of beauty and power? I shall be disappointed if from these fields we do not get new aspects of truth, new phases of religious experience, and new modes of Christian propagandism. Let the Gospel have free course, and it will run and be glorified in enlightening and purifying fallen humanity. It may, at times, get more or less entangled with the superstitions and false usages of the peoples to whom it is proclaimed; but having no affinity for these it will tend to free itself from their association while working its legitimate results in the hearts and lives of its recipients. And we are not to forget that Christ goes with his truth. He is with those who preach it, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;" and he is with those who receive it, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." We seem, sometimes to have more faith in forms and organizations than in Christ and his truth. If we have not too much machine and tape work, and a too Procrustean Creed, we certainly have too little faith and prayer.

Avarice and a half-hearted Christian profession may be ready to infer that herein is found a warrant for withholding somewhat from the means for carrying on the missionary work. By no means. Hardly a tithe of what might and ought to be given, or of what is needed, is contributed as an act of obedience to the last command of Christ to the Church. Were every missionary station now established to become henceforth self supporting, ten thousand unoccupied fields imploringly cry for help. Give less to the cause of missions! Why, the Church has hardly yet begun to give. The meagerness of its contributions reveals a poverty of faith which is startling and humiliating. A faith in God and his truth which finds expression in a contribution of less than a dollar a year per member to carry the light of salvation to those who sit in the region

and shadow of death must be of even less than mustard-seed dimension. What an increase of faith the Church needs to call forth its resources to aid in carrying forward this great work, unspeakably the greatest to which man ever was and, perhaps, ever will be, called!

But where am I running? I did not take up my pen to write an essay, or to supplement what you have written; but to express the gratification I experienced in reading your views as set forth in the article referred to. I trust you will keep these views before the Church. They can not, I think, but commend themselves to the better judgment of those who give earnest and unbiassed thought to the subject.

Pardon me for trespassing so long upon your time. My only excuse is the interest your articles awakened in my mind upon this greatest enterprise of the Church. God bless you, and make you to abound yet more and more in every good word and work.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,
FREDERICK MERRICK.

For the illustrations which accompany the sketch of Brazil, published in the present number of the REPOSITORY, as well as many of the facts contained in it, we are indebted to Rev. J. C. Fletcher. They are taken from the book entitled "Brazil and the Brazilians," the joint production of himself and Rev. D. P. Kidder. The following brief notice has just appeared in the *Novo Mundo*, a handsome pictorial monthly published in New York in the Portuguese language, by Dr. Rodriguez, a learned Brazilian, intelligently devoted to the interests of Brazil. "There has just been issued in Boston the ninth edition of the well-known work 'Brazil and the Brazilians,' which for the last thirty years has been the most popular book upon our country in the English language. This book first appeared simultaneously in the United States and England in 1857. It was the fruit of the experience of that intelligent traveler Mr. Fletcher, combined with the observations and studies which the Rev. Dr. Kidder made in the country between 1836 and 1841. These gentlemen formed a species of literary copartnership, which resulted in the volume mentioned, which was received in both countries with the greatest eulogiums. The book, without concealing the defects of Brazil and the Brazilians, demonstrated the superiority of many of our institutions and the grandeur of our natural resources."